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KING MENELIK'S ARMY WAITING TO ESCORT THE MISSION TO HIS PALACE IN SHO A.



THE MISSION ASCENDING A HILL-SIDE.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MENELIK, KING OF ABYSSINIA

From Photographs supplied by Captain Speedy, Interpreter to the Mission.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The obituary articles on Mrs. Oliphant have not done her justice: they are not exactly grudging, but they seem to me to underrate her powers. She will, I think, be greatly missed from the ranks of literature, in which she filled a far higher place than has been generally assigned to her. Her very last published story, "Mr. Sandford," is admirably true to life, and unspeakably pathetic. No living writer—far less in his seventieth year—could have written it. It is a curious proof that the constant exercise of the mind does not weaken it, though, indeed, there is less of imagination in the narrative than of the experience of life. It was that in which she excelled. She drew from the living model, but never from the nude. She scorned the modern method of recommending that philosophy which, missing its mark, becomes "Procuress to the Lords of Hell." She "wrote of nothing base." If her lines did not always lie (as, indeed, they did not) in pleasant places, she had little knowledge of the dark side of life: her villains are few, and not nearly so bad as novelists generally make them. She lived among gentlemen and gentlewomen, and drew their portraits like Vandyck. She had a fervent faith, and lived up to it; and I know no word she ever wrote, though she wrote so many, that could have disturbed her deathbed.

If the account of the literature of the undergraduate, as described in *Granta* by one of themselves, is to be trusted, young women of intelligence need not be disappointed at having been refused admittance to the University; for they would not have found their male companions much to their taste. The writer states that the ordinary undergraduate reads nothing, or almost nothing, that is worth reading. It is only the pick of these young gentlemen that are acquainted even with such works as "Ivanhoe" and "The Pickwick Papers." Any allusion to Mrs. Proudie, Becky Sharp, or Mr. Micawber would fall on alien ears. This is a very sad story and one would fain hope that it is not true. It is certainly altogether different from the state of things at Cambridge in the days of my own youth. Of course the vast majority of young men took little interest in literature; and, as regards modern fiction, "reading men" knew as little as they did. It is only in a few cases that the study of the classics promotes that of the works of our own language. It is not so long ago that the greatest of our statesmen, in venturing into the regions of modern poetry, identified "the Land of the Leal" with North Britain, and reproved a member of the House of Commons for an expression which was a well-known quotation from "Oliver Twist." Bernal Osborne was also rebuked by the Speaker for referring to some "d—d good-natured friend," in total ignorance that the phrase was from an English classic. Yet both statesman and Speaker had Homer and Horace at their fingers' ends.

But, independently of "reading men" and the ordinary undergraduates, there were two generations ago a considerable number of men who had educated themselves at least up to the modest standard of Scott and Dickens, of Trollope and Thackeray, and who were moderately conversant even with Tennyson and Browning. It seems incredible that University men should have retrograded instead of advanced in intelligence, and much more to the extent described by their contemporary. The prosperity of the "Union Society" at Cambridge, which has increased by leaps and bounds within the last three decades, seems itself a proof to the contrary. In my time I must confess, though I had the honour of being its President, that it was but comparatively a one-horse affair; but the fact of belonging to it was to some degree a proof of a literary tendency, and nowadays its members are ten times as numerous. One cannot, at all events, believe that the ordinary undergraduate is so grossly illiterate as has been described, though at the same time there is no doubt a factor in modern life which makes for ignorance and stupidity in the rising generation—namely, the growing interest in athletics, which pervades especially the young. When the modern undergraduate has finished the work his college requires of him, the calls of cricket, of golf, and football are so constant and importunate that he has no time, even if he had the taste, for the perusal of any other literature.

Some persons have not the desire for information that should belong to well-principled minds, but to judge by the supply of it in the cheap publications, the Great Heart of the People is fully alive to it. It is conveyed in brief but most attractive portions, and never hampered with details as to how the intelligence was procured, the deductions drawn, or the figures calculated. In the present issue of my favourite periodical I read that "Icebergs last for two hundred years." One cannot help wondering how this information, doubtless gathered from trustworthy sources, has been obtained. Do you catch your iceberg young, and watch its growth, deputing the interesting task to your descendants; or do you select one from its companions on account of its vast proportions, and note from decade to decade its gradual diminution? "It takes a snail fourteen days, five hours, exactly, to travel a mile." What patience and assiduity it must have taken to record this fact with accuracy! How curious, too, to

discover that all snails have the same rate of progress! This is certainly not the case with caterpillars. In the last century a noble but sporting Lord won thousands of pounds by his swift caterpillar. (It was doubtless the original of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog.") The insects were each put into a plate, and he backed his to be soonest off it. He heated his plate. "Persian women have a horror of red hair." How few of us are acquainted with Persian women, or could have learnt this by other means! How enterprising must be the periodical which sends, perhaps, a special correspondent to ascertain such a circumstance! "German clerks work 20 per cent. slower than English ones." This will be news to most people, but it would be much better news to learn that they did not work at 20 per cent. lower wages. No work of information has ever given me the pleasure I derive from these weekly additions to knowledge. Sometimes they surprise as well as delight me; for example: "Kissing originated in England." Heavens!

The number of bonfires seen on the night of the twenty-second reminds one of the assertions of amateur observers of the heavens. A newspaper correspondent, who lives on the top of a hill, "saw such multitudes as no man could number." As there were under three thousand altogether, he must live on a very high hill. Just as the crop of turnips was thought by an unagricultural writer to vary with the legs of mutton, so the number of bonfires seems to have depended on the loyalty of the sightseer. It is also possible that the way in which he kept the Jubilee may have had something to do with it. The occurrence of public festivities always gives occasion for the display of a certain harmless egotism: quite a number of people are found eager to boast that they have got better places for less money, or seen more bonfires, than anyone else.

What troubled the country folk a good deal during the late rejoicings was how their own little community should permanently mark the day. All of them were loyal enough, but some of them wisely thought that the best way of memorizing the occasion would be to effect something that should outlast it. It seemed a pity, with funds in hand, that the money should be spent in bunting or fireworks instead of something that would abide for years, and be to the common benefit. In a village with which I am acquainted there had been something wanting for a long time by everybody, and not the less because they had never had it. They had always had to borrow one from the neighbouring town: the poor wanted it most of all, but had to get on as they could without it. The only objection to procuring it was that, as an emblem of rejoicing, it failed to satisfy some exacting minds in the village council; however, in the end, the majority voted that it should be purchased for the common use. It is a hearse, but it has "Diamond Jubilee" painted on it, and has already proved of service.

As to the Jubilee Honours, the least said about them the better; in fact, there is nothing that, with knowledge, can be said, since, with the exception of half a dozen who have had a share of them, no one has ever before heard of the gentlemen's names. But what is expressed on every side is contempt for the crass stupidity or ignorance that on such an occasion should have left Rudyard Kipling without recognition. He is the first man who has introduced to us our Indian fellow-subjects; he has taught us more of the greatness of our Colonies than any other writer; and he has written the finest patriotic song—"The Flag of England"—in the language. But for him, "What should we know of England who only England know?" He is, however, only a literary person.

In these modern days, when the most extravagant laudations are paid by little cliques to little poets and mediocre actors, and the language of eulogy is exhausted on what seems very small provocation, it is difficult to picture a time when not only the minor bard and the second-class actor were severely dealt with, but even the best and greatest were exposed to irreverent criticism. Robert Greene, who, however, was in the same line of business ("wrote himself"), declared his contemporary Shakspeare to be "an upstart crow who, in his own conceit, was the only shakespeare in the country." Dryden wrote of the Bard of Avon: "He writes in many places below the dullest writers of our or any preceding age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thoughts to such low expressions. He is the Janus of poets, and you have scarcely time to admire one face ere you despise the other." Coming nearer to our own times, it is generally, but quite erroneously, supposed that the Waverley Novels were received with a universal accord of acclaim on their first appearance; but this is by no means the case. In many of the contemporary organs of criticism they were "damned with faint praise," and in some even without it. Mrs. Siddons, again—a statue to whom was uncovered the other day in Paddington by Sir Henry Irving—is supposed to have taken the town by storm, and to have been at once acknowledged the queen of her profession. Yet Horace Walpole, admitting her great talents, by no means expressed himself with such enthusiasm—

She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *em*, two or three of whom were in the same

box with me. . . . Mr. Crawford asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw. I said: "By no means; we old folks were apt to be prejudiced in favour of our first impressions." She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar; but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion, her arms are not genteel. Thus, you see, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say that, were I one and twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil, and remember every accent of the former in the very same part.

The great actress had her professional humiliations. She hints that Garrick was jealous of her. His instructions only "put her out." When she moved her right hand he told her it should have been her left. "In short, I found I must not shade the tip of his nose." Walpole admired Mrs. Siddons very much in professional scenes, but not in cool declamation, even in comedy, but he admits "her scena is admirable."

In Walpole's Letters there is something to be found about everything. It is curious to read in them how, while science has in other directions progressed so immensely, ballooning was much as it is now; you could get up into the air, but when you got there you were at its mercy. The aeronauts of his time were, however, much less daring than the modern ones. It was not easy to get them to defy the Prince of the Powers of the air. The catastrophe at Berlin the other day would have paralyzed them; indeed, there were but two recognised aeronauts, Lunardi and Blanchard, and they were less adventurous than those we now see for sixpence at any open-air fête. The science of aërostation was at that time in its infancy (from which it has never emerged). Walpole only once beheld a balloon; it seemed to "light on Richmond Hill, but Mrs. Hobart was going by and her coiffure prevented my seeing what became of it." A balloon was made in Paris representing the Castle of Stockholm, in compliment to the King of Sweden, but nobody could be got to go up in it—

No great progress surely is made in these airy navigations if they are still afraid of risking the necks of two or three subjects for the entertainment of a visiting Sovereign. There is seldom a *feu-de-joie* for the birth of a Dauphin that does not cost more lives. I thought royalty and science never haggled about the value of blood when experiments are in the question.

"The Massarenes," by Ouida, is rather a new departure of that glittering authoress. Her *dramatis personæ* are as distinguished as ever: hardly one of them is without a title. The *nouveaux riches* are even blacker than she is accustomed to paint them, and also richer. Whether wealthy or impecunious, her characters dwell in a state of luxury hardly imaginable out of the "Arabian Nights." But she has become a moralist. She bans what she has been wont to bless—the once beloved aristocracy of her native land—and hardly spares the scourge in dealing with a Guardsman. We rub our eyes as we read her denunciations of our nobility; her indignation at their pursuit of wealth; her disgust at the ease with which low people are admitted into the most select society if only they are prepared to pay the gate money. Lady Kenilworth, otherwise "Mouse," the loveliest of her sex, and by descent a "Courcy of Faldon," is a very sad specimen of blue blood indeed, and her husband, commonly called "Cocky," is more disreputable still. The story describes how for money down she introduces "the Massarenes" into the best circles—nay, even into "the Prince's set," and what comes of it; and a very good story it is. Nothing, indeed, that Ouida has written has equalled it in sustained interest. Its exaggeration may evoke a smile, but of its vigour there can be no question. The virtuous people, of whom there are no less than two—Lord Hurstmanecaux and Miss Massarene—are perhaps a little dull, but all the rest are sparkling. "Cocky's" (seventh Duke of Otterbourne) death-bed is not an edifying spectacle, but it is very characteristic—

"Look here, Curton; I appoint as guardians my brother-in-law and my uncle Augustus."

Mr. Curton inclined his head in approval.

"Lord Hurstmanecaux and the Bishop of Dunwici? Your Grace could not make a more admirable selection. The highest principle."

Cocky chuckled with a sound very like the death-rattle. "I choose Romie 'cause he's so damned conscientious he can't refuse, and he'll hate it so; and I choose old Augustus 'cause he came down once when I was a shaver at Eton and never tipped me, and gave me a beastly book, called 'The Christian Year.' Make it all as deuced anonyin' to both of 'em as you can. Lord, what a pother they'll find all my affairs in—that's a comfort!"

And it was a genuine tonic and cordial to him to think how, after his decease, all his sins and embarrassments would continue to circle like mosquitoes around the heads of his trustees and executors.

But "the Mouse" and her "Billy" (Mr. Massarene) are the chief persons in the drama. They are drawn with great skill and breadth (some people may think a little too broad), and show the authoress at her best. Prince Khris is also capital.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.

The British Mission to Abyssinia, which left Aden in March, has now returned again. It may be remembered that Mr. Rennell Rodd, C.M.G., was sent as a Special Envoy, bearing an autograph letter and presents to King Menelik. Mr. Rodd was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Wingate, C.B.; Count Gleichen, of the Grenadier Guards; Captain Swayne, R.E.; Captain the Hon. Cecil Bingham, 1st Life Guards; and Lieutenant Lord Edward Cecil, of the Grenadier Guards—a younger son of Lord Salisbury. Captain Speedy was to act as interpreter, and Dr. Pinchin as medical officer. From Aden the party sailed to the port of Zeila, from which they travelled to Harrar, which they reached on May 31. The first part of this journey was through a hot, waterless region, where at times the thermometer stood at 118 degrees in the tents, but further inland a more pleasant country was reached, with forest trees, and where game was found. We are indebted to Captain Speedy for the photographs from which our Illustrations have been produced. The details of Mr. Rodd's negotiations with King Menelik are at present known only to the Abyssinian monarch, Mr. Rodd, and the British Government. It is understood that the Mission has met with considerable success on several points of debate. Its real achievement will be proved by the attitude of Abyssinia towards the forthcoming campaign in the Soudan; but it is believed that Mr. Rodd's negotiations have secured Menelik's co-operation with the Egyptian Government.

ST. AUGUSTINE CELEBRATION.

The fourth Pan-Anglican Conference has been purposely arranged to synchronise with the celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the coming of St. Augustine to our shores; so that on Friday, July 2, some five hundred dignitaries of the Church of England from all parts of the Empire were present at Ebbs Fleet, the landing-place, or one of the reputed landing-places, of the saint who came from Rome to Canterbury. The memorable site is marked by a cross, round which were grouped this great ecclesiastical gathering, including upwards of a hundred Bishops in its ranks.

HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL AND DINNER PARTY.

The great historical fancy-dress ball at Devonshire House, given under the princely auspices of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to royal and distinguished guests, numbering about seven hundred, has been described as "a private entertainment given in a private house," and hence far removed from the fierce light of publicity. For weeks, however, much popular interest has been evoked as the details have been disclosed of preparations for an ambitious achievement being brought to the utmost perfection, to culminate in a galaxy of splendour destined to be the crowning effect of the multifarious efforts to render resplendent the glories of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee—an historical pageant designed by the noble hosts to commemorate this unique event of her Majesty's reign. Historical balls have, on occasions, varied the monotony of successive Court or State functions, which otherwise must inevitably resemble each other. Such, for instance, was the Plantagenet Ball, confined to costumes of the Edward III. era, offered by the youthful Queen in 1842; succeeded by the famous "Powder and Patch Ball" of the time of George II., also given under her Majesty's gracious superintendence at Buckingham Palace, the costumes of 1745 being carefully chosen to reproduce the courtly magnificence of just one hundred years anterior to the date of the great Georgian revival entertainment of 1845.

Ancestral portraits and reliable contemporary authorities have been studied and reproduced to enable descendants of great ancestors—illustrious names illuminating the pages of history—to make their appearance at the Devonshire House ball clad in guise accurately designed after the fashion of famous personages of their race. The main lines on which this pageant was produced were strictly historical, the gallant masquers, classified in dazzling groups, forming Courts, processions, and quadrilles consistently organised—Oriental, Venetian, chivalrous, mythological, the Court of Catherine II. of Russia, of Queen Elizabeth—perhaps the most complete of all—with Courts of contemporary Sovereigns of France, Austria, Italy, and Spain; quadrilles of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. eras; and so on, from the ages of poetical myths to the year 1820, the latest period admissible.

It must have been a work of time and research to allot the respective characters and costumes of the several Courts. Take, for instance, the elements constituting one group: that surrounding the Virgin Queen, which rallied under the gentle sway of Lady Tweedmouth; her Majesty Elizabeth entertaining her courtiers with a banquet at Brook House before the ball, thus assembling the brilliant group of lieges to follow in her train, and constituting the Queen Elizabeth procession at Devonshire House, typical of other Courts.

One of the most noteworthy incidents of the reception was the arrival of the royal party, the Prince of Wales in the handsome dress (*temp.* Elizabeth) of the Grand

Master of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem and Chevalier of Malta, leading up the centre of the saloon (lined by the Ladies of the Orient procession), the Princess of Wales, a graceful regal figure, attired as Marguerite de Valois, ablaze with precious stones, and with tastefully dressed train-bearers in white and gold. In the suite of "La Reine Margot" was the Duchess of York, in blue satin embroidered with silver; the Princess of Denmark, in pale pink satin and silver; Princess Victoria of Wales, dressed in pale maize crêpe de chine, wrought with silver; the Duchess of Fife, in white satin, wrought with silver and diamonds; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in pale pink brocade, wrought with gold; all the royal ladies glittering with a profusion of diamonds. The Duke of York came as Elizabeth's Champion Knight, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, a brave commander, wearing his royal mistress's glove in his hat, a queenly gage he was pledged to defend against all comers; the Duke of Connaught, most gallant figure of an Elizabethan warrior, as Commander of the Forces; the Duchess of Connaught as Anne of Austria; the Duchess of Teck as Electress of Luneburg and Hanover. The royal guests and their suites were welcomed by the hosts of this unrivalled entertainment. The Duke of Devonshire, an impressive and stately figure in black velvet, was correctly attired as that prince of vast domains, the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, after the picture by Titian. The Duchess of Devonshire,

THE QUEEN AND HER ARMY.

THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

(See Supplement.)

The Jubilee Review of 1887 was a much bigger one than that of last week, but it was not more brilliant. One considerable element of brilliancy which favoured this year's spectacle was the fact that it was held on the verdant sward of Laffan's Plain instead of, as before, amid the terrible dust of the Long Valley, which would dim the lustre of any military pageant; while, again, the 25,000 troops of all arms who lately defiled before the Queen included no Volunteers, who contributed so largely to the size of the previous show. The Laffan's Plain Review, it is true, included a couple of Militia brigades, though it was very hard to distinguish these battalions from the Regulars of the line as far as physique and marching went. But there was one thing above all others which rendered the Laffan's Plain pageant more brilliant, memorable, and even epoch-marking than the Long Valley review of ten years ago, and this was the fact that, for the first time in our history, the land forces of the Crown were practically all represented, and the Queen had the proud satisfaction of gazing upon the whole Imperial Army in miniature. Her Majesty, so to speak, held a Durbar of all the defenders of her world-wide Empire; and the picture would have been altogether complete had the troops of her soldier-son's command at Aldershot included a detachment of those Blue-jackets, representing the Navy, who have figured so conspicuously in most of our recent battles by land. It is now almost a tedious truism to say that such a military spectacle as this Durbar of all the fencibles of the Empire could be presented by no other nation under the sun.

As a mere pageant, the Aldershot review was perfectly managed, and if we can only exhibit in time of war the same organising powers as we have evinced in all the military details connected with our Jubilee celebrations, we shall have every reason to be content. Another noticeable feature of the Laffan's Plain show was the fact that, for the first time since very long, it brought together all the seven battalions of the Guards, who marched past as a Division, and never have the Guards shown a finer general standard of physique and bearing. Indeed, it is safe to say that these qualities could not be surpassed by a division of infantry in any army of Europe, including even the Prussian Guards; and it was only when some of the line battalions began to march past that the foreign spectators, in justice to ourselves, had to be reminded of the difference between conscription and voluntary enlistment in their respective bearing on the physique of recruits. As for mere ceremonial marching, there was really very little difference between the linesmen and their bear-skinned comrades of the Guards; and, indeed, none of the latter battalions were equal to the Gordon Highlanders, who were admitted by all to have shown the finest alignment; while the Grenadiers—in spite of having such a martinet at their head as their Colonel, the Duke of Cambridge—were decidedly outshone both by the Scots Guards, who were led past by the Duke of Connaught, and by the Coldstreams; though when the infantry returned in reverse order in lines of quarter columns by brigades, the spectacular advantage was all on the side of the Guards, who then, in their dense and phalanx-like masses, certainly presented a truly magnificent appearance.

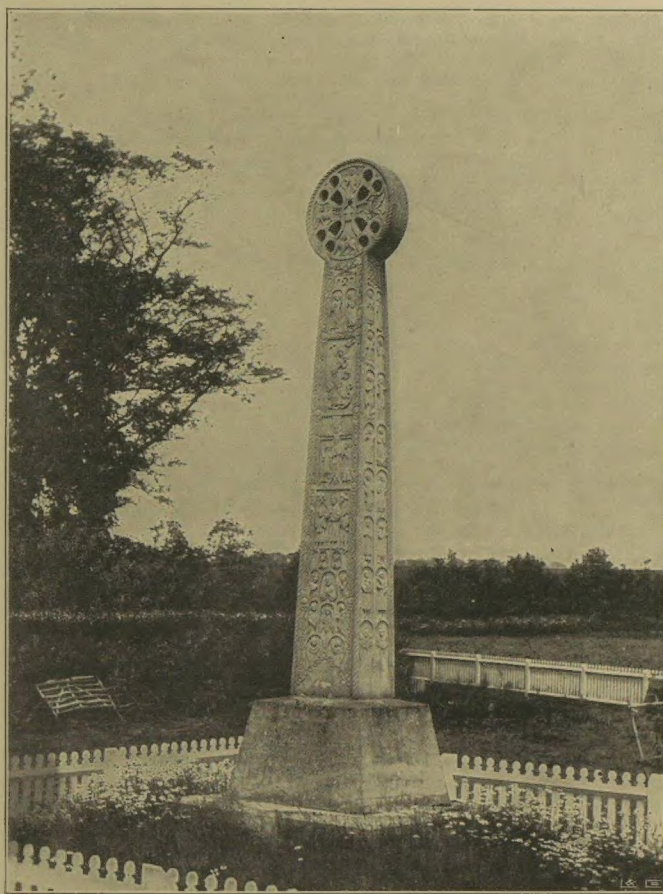
As for the artillery and cavalry, nothing could well have been finer than the manner of their march past, first at a walk and then at a gallop. Than those various horse and field batteries which rolled past the Queen it is simply impossible to imagine anything finer of their kind; and they showed that our artillery has well maintained the reputation which it possessed as far back even as the time of the Seven Years' War. Nor does the German army itself possess seven cavalry regiments superior in any respect—save, perhaps, in the number of the men who have ridden in their ranks and passed on to the reserve—to those which, headed by the Blues with Lord Wolsley at their head, drew sabre to salute the Queen; and the German Emperor may well be proud of his own regiment, the Royals, which followed the Carabineers. For mere smartness and serviceable appearance, perhaps the palm of superior merit was due to the 10th Hussars, who were led past by their own royal Colonel, the Prince of Wales, looking quite as gallant and combative, for the moment, as his plucky little ancestor, George II., did on the field of Dettingen—the last battle-field that was honoured by the presence of an English King.

Undoubtedly the finest scene of all was the last, when the whole body of troops burst out into a roar of cheering for the Queen, with enthusiastic waving high in air of bearskins, helmets, Colonial hats, and Highland bonnets. It was the oath of fealty of all the Imperial Army to its mistress: it was such a magnificent "*Moriatur pro rege nostro, Victor a!*" as never even thrilled the ears of Maria Theresa.

CHARLES LOWE.

THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT WINDSOR.

On Friday afternoon, July 2, the representative Colonial troops, some of whom had been deprived of any previous opportunity to see the Queen, were graciously received and reviewed by her Majesty in the Home Park at Windsor, to the number of nearly nine hundred. Luncheon was provided for the officers in the Castle, and for the men in the Park. With the Queen were Princess Beatrice, Princess



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CROSS, ISLE OF THANET.

Photo Savaine, Broadstairs.

who had summoned up this scene of enchantment, was herself the most splendid figure at the head of her glowing Eastern Court—the most effective group as regards resplendent colours. The Duchess elected to impersonate Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, her skirt of gold tissue being elaborately wrought in starlike designs and outstretched peacock-tails in precious gems outlined with gold; this turned back to display an under-dress of cream crêpe de chine embroidered in gold, silver, and pearls, sprinkled with diamonds, the regal train of green velvet embroidered in Eastern pattern with the lotus-flower in rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, etc. The front of her Grace's bodice of gold tissue was covered with a stonemason and confined by a belt of similar precious stones. It must be realised that such splendid masquerading is unsurpassable. JOSEPH GREGO.

COSTUMES ILLUSTRATED.

Our Illustrations include the arrival of the royal party and the following characteristic costumes representative of various bygone fashions—

1. Hon. Nora Strutt—Elizabethan Period.
2. Lady Amphil.
3. Lady Clementine Hay—Louis XIV. Period.
4. Mrs. W. H. Grenfell as Contessa Maria Cicogna.
5. Hon. Violet Mills—Louis XIV. Period.
6. Countess Clary—Empire Period.
7. Countess Helena Gleichen as Joan of Arc.
8. Mrs. Chaine as Madame Sans-Gêne.
9. Lady Alwynne Compton—Stuart Period.
10. Duchess of Teck as Princess Sophia of Hanover.
11. Lady Anne Lambton—Stuart Period.
12. Miss Cornwallis West as a Lady in the Oriental Suite.



THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT WINDSOR: OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY.

PARLIAMENT.

Further debate on the Workmen's Accidents Compensation Bill reveals considerable opposition on the part of the Conservative rank and file. Mr. Chamberlain is proceeding warily with the measure, but it is not clear whether the action of some supporters of the Government is intended to encourage a discontented section on the same side in the House of Lords. Lord George Hamilton made an excellent impression by reading the reply of Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay, to the native memorial which asserted that the officials at Poona had outraged the religious feelings of the population. The assertions of the memorial are categorically denied. Sir William Wedderburn wanted to raise a discussion, but this was refused by Mr. Balfour on the ground of public policy. The debate on the Finance Bill produced an amendment from the Irish party, proposing the reduction of the tobacco duty. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach explained that such a reduction, to be of any benefit to the consumer, would have to be very large, and would compel him to put threepence on the income-tax.

in "Die Walküre," and has continued to enlist the good wishes and admiration of all who had before heard him; and M. Renaud, the very famous Paris baritone, has shown us his quality as Wolfram in "Tannhäuser," and as de Nevers in "Les Huguenots." M. Renaud is certainly one of the most perfect living operatic artists. He does not so much work from the standpoint of an overpowering emotion as from that of an exquisitely conscious intelligence. He is the most decorative actor, in all probability, now upon the stage, not excepting M. Maurel himself, and his voice, resonant, true, well directed and profoundly moving, is exceptionally noble. One knows not how to describe the sole drawback which attends the extraordinary performances of this artist; perhaps it is best summed up in the idea that he attracts more admiration to his own personality than sympathy with the parts which he interprets; but it probably remains for the critic only to hear his Don Giovanni to scatter even so slightly unfavourable a hypercriticism to the winds.

Meanwhile, Madame Melba has returned to the opera, and for her début this season she chose the part of

MEDALS FOR THE COLONIAL TROOPS.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday, July 3, put the finishing touch to the visit of the Colonial troops by presenting



THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

them with a tangible token of their visit to the mother-land in the shape of a medal. The gardens of Buckingham Palace were the scene of the interesting ceremony, and a large number of visitors, including the Colonial Premiers, came to see their friends and countrymen receive this last mark of honour at the hands of royalty. Lord Roberts, first on the field, was followed by Lord Wolsley, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Evelyn Wood. Then came Mr. Chamberlain, in the dress of a Privy Councillor; and, punctual to the appointed moment, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of York, and other members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales made a tour of inspection, walking with Lord Roberts, and followed by the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolsley, who, in turn, were followed by the rest of the Princes and then by Mr. Chamberlain, who, a little later, presented a number of the troops to the Princess at an informal reception held under a tree. Meanwhile the Prince personally handed a medal to each one of nearly a thousand men—white, black, and yellow—who passed in single file before him. Then the troops regained their stations, and before dispersing gave three ringing cheers for the Queen at the call of the Prince of Wales.

On Monday last the Colonial troops were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at a special matinée at Her Majesty's Theatre, when "The Red Lamp" and "The Balladmonger" were given before them.

Such a contingency is not to be seriously thought of: the poorer income-tax payers have already as great a burden as they can bear.

MUSIC.

The Jubilee celebrations have more or less made music a smaller interest than usual during the latter part of the present season, but the opera has, nevertheless, been lively enough in all conscience. The performance of "Siegfried" has at last to be recorded, and it is pleasant to chronicle that Jean de Reszke's interpretation of the title-role was nothing short of splendid. He had most carefully considered the whole bearing of the part, and he followed its development with fine intelligence, from the boisterous opening scenes to the final deepening of the character by the humanising intensity of love. His acting of the character was consistent throughout, and his singing was always very beautiful; in a word, the new "Siegfried" was both full of delightful surprises and never fell below expectation. Herr Lieban's Mime was marvellously clever, and M. Edouard de Reszke's Wanderer was nobly impressive. Miss Strong's Brunnhilde was powerful in a character in which it is difficult, so far as "Siegfried" is concerned, to show any other fine quality; and Herr Seidl conducted with distinction.

Meanwhile, two newcomers to Covent Garden claim the attention. Herr Dippel has taken the part of Siegmund

Marguerite in "Faust." It was a triumphant night for the prima donna. She challenged the public with what is probably the most familiar character in the most familiar opera in the world, and the public flocked to her feet, until, in the gallery of Covent Garden, for example, there was barely breathing room. She justified that general expectation, and sang most sweetly and beautifully, with power, sincerity, and golden softness of voice. M. Alvarez was her Faust, and, of course, sang exceedingly well, while the rest of the cast was familiar and did very well under the conductorship of Signor Mancinelli.

A new opera—such is the activity of the syndicate in these latter days—has also been produced, the libretto written and the music composed by Herr Kienzel. "Der Evangelinmann," as the opera is called, deals with the rivalry of two brothers, one of whom guiltily contrives the imprisonment of the other for twenty years. Set free, the innocent man becomes a gospel-preacher, and is led to the bed of his dying brother, with whom, after a struggle, he consents to effect a reconciliation. The influences by which the music has been composed may be traced directly to the compositions of Weber and Wagner, and the result, though it certainly does not provoke enthusiasm, is extremely interesting, and sometimes genuinely touching. M. Van Dyck and Mr. Bispman bore on their shoulders the burden of the work, and greatly contributed to a not unsatisfactory success. M. Plon conducted extremely well.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery's humour is still a boon and a blessing to the public, especially in a season of rather trying formalities. In his speech to the Colonial guests at the National Liberal Club, Lord Rosebery described the Queen's Garden-Party at Windsor as the "Consolation Stakes." He expressed a fear that before the round of entertainments was over, the dyspeptic remains of the Colonial Premiers would be conveyed to Westminster Abbey. Then he proceeded to show that, jester as he is, he can make a speech about the Empire inferior to none in the qualities of sound statesmanship.

Miss Flora Shaw enjoys the proud distinction of having outmanoeuvred a Parliamentary Committee. When she was invited to explain the mysterious telegrams in the South African business, she simply overwhelmed her questioners with a Niagara of rhetoric. The Committee was tossed helplessly in the flood, and eventually adjourned in sheer exhaustion. What the Report will say about Miss Shaw need not be predicted; but as a personal influence in public affairs she has achieved a unique distinction.

The Attorney-General is again pressed to take steps for the abolition of the function known as "kissing the book." The book is the Testament used in courts of justice, and the "kissing" is the customary form which witnesses have to adopt before they become credible. Medical authorities say the practice is injurious to the public health, and certainly the "book" in the police-courts does not really command the reverence to which it is entitled. Why it is not sufficient to swear with a hand on the "book," instead of raising it to one's lips, no legal authority has yet discovered.

All who attend the services of St. Paul's Cathedral with regularity, and even those who only heard the fine effect of his specially composed "Te Deum" on Jubilee Day, will join in congratulating the well-known organist of St. Paul's Cathedral on his knighthood. Sir George Clement Martin is a Doctor of Music, and has now devoted some years to the musical service of the great Cathedral.

Mr. Walter Rand, the Plague Commissioner who has succumbed to the wound which he received from a shot while discharging his duties at Poona on June 22, was an Indian Civil Servant who was much esteemed by all with whom he had been brought into contact since he went out to India. The Governor of Bombay has issued a public statement of his regret for the death of Mr. Rand, who, the document says, had laboured with devotion and a gratifying success to free Poona from the plague. The excellent impression made by Mr. Rand on most of the natives was demonstrated by the wish of many well-known Indians of position to attend his funeral. These friends of the dead Englishman were much annoyed on being refused admission to the cemetery by the authorities.

Sir John Bennett's death robs the City of one of its most conspicuous figures. For many years Sir John's picturesque head of hair was indispensable to the Lord Mayor's Show. Somehow his popularity did not commend itself to his colleagues, and the Court of Aldermen frowned upon him. He had a peculiar gift of platform oratory, but this, too, received no encouragement from the powers that be. Sir John lived to a great age, and his personality will be missed by a generation which does not get much original character from its public men.

The stage appears to have obtained an aristocratic recruit in the person of Lord Kilmarnock, son of the Earl of Erroll. Lord Kilmarnock has written a "curtain-raiser," and acts in it himself. This is spirited, and should excite the envy of Lord Rosslyn, who showed a disposition to enter the theatrical profession but suddenly changed his mind. It is not impossible that early in the new century we shall see a theatrical company composed entirely of aristocrats and managed by a peeress.

What does Mrs. Chant think of the M.P. who, although a non-smoker, accepted a cigarette at the Queen's Garden-Party? He said that when his Sovereign offered him a cigarette, it would be discourtesy to refuse it. What is more, the unwanted tobacco gave him no discomfort such as Mrs. Chant suffered when she tried a cigarette as a

substitute for food in Crete. Probably the Windsor tobacco is much better than the Cretan; to say nothing of the invariable good fortune which attends all her Majesty's devices.

The Senior Wrangler this year is Mr. W. H. Austin, whose success has led to the comment that he is a Congregationalist, and that he brings up to twenty the number of Nonconformists who are Senior Wranglers. Mr. Justice Stirling was the first Nonconformist to gain this distinction, which he did in the year 1860, four years after it had been thrown open to others than members of the Established Church.

By the widely lamented death of Mrs. Oliphant, which took place on June 25, while retrospect of the Queen's long reign was yet the order of the day, Victorian literature has lost one of its ablest and most prolific contributors. Born at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, Midlothian, in 1828, Margaret Oliphant Wilson, the daughter of a sea captain, published her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," in 1849, and from that day to the time of her death her literary output in fiction, history, biography, and criticism was amazingly large and varied; and though the great bulk of this work and the rapidity with which it was necessarily planned and written forbade the production of absolute masterpieces, very little of it fell below a certain high standard of excellence which its author established for herself. "Margaret Maitland" itself, with its fine philosophy of life, remains, indeed, an extraordinarily clever achievement for a girl of twenty-one, and as faithful studies of Scottish life and character, both that

an artist, she was left a widow with three small children at thirty-one, and when she had conquered fortune by her pen, only to find herself childless, her indomitable spirit undertook fresh responsibilities to various members of her family. She led a singularly retired life for many years at Windsor, where she was honoured by the personal friendship of the Queen, and latterly at Wimbledon.

The Court of Appeal has thrown its mantle over the professional bookmaker. By a majority, Lord Justice Riggby dissenting, the Court has decided that the judgment in "Hawke v. Dunn" cannot hold water. By that judgment a racecourse was held to be "a place" within the meaning of the Gambling Act. The Court of Appeal says the Act applies only to betting-houses, and was never designed for the suppression of betting in general. The gambling which the Act does touch is little more than the transaction of business in public houses on which the police make periodical raids. Betting agents are seldom, if ever, interfered with, and now the bookmaker is to go free. This confusion of the law is not satisfactory, but fresh legislation is very improbable.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York Evening Post, has received a degree from Oxford University. Attention has been drawn to an article in his paper sneering at the Jubilee, and it is asked whether the Oxford degree was given for this. Mr. Godkin, however, is in no way responsible, as he was in Europe when the article appeared. Besides, there must be reaction after the handsome things said by foreign journals about our national celebration. The Paris Press was particularly cordial, but is now reverting to the old attitude of hostility and suspicion. That is merely human nature.

Captain Boycott, who had the melancholy satisfaction of adding a new word to the English dictionary, is dead. The term "boycotting" had its rise during the Captain's residence at Lough Mask, County Mayo, when he was denied the service of labourers and shopkeepers, so that his corn would have gone uncut but for an expeditionary force that came from Cavan and elsewhere to his relief. Later, Captain Boycott removed to Bungay, in Suffolk, where he had been in failing health for some time.

Mr. J. W. Charles de Soysa, the Jubilee representative of the Singhalese community of Ceylon, is the eldest son of the late Mr. C. H. de Soysa and of Lady de Soysa,

of Colombo, whose vast wealth he inherits. His parents established the Alfred Model Farm in Colombo, to commemorate the visit paid to them by the Duke of Edinburgh. They founded also the Prince and Princess of Wales College and School for Boys and Girls on the occasion of their entertaining the Prince of Wales. Following his father in these and other acts of philanthropy, Mr. de Soysa has made great contributions to the Indian Famine Fund, and just before he left Ceylon gave 10,000 rupees to found a Bacteriological Institute in part as a memorial of the Longest Reign. Mr. de Soysa is an M.A. of Cambridge, and a Justice of the Peace at Colombo.

When it is remembered that he was assistant to Edward Irving in Regent Square Chapel nearly seventy years ago, the death of the Rev. Dr. David Brown, Principal of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, removes one of the few remaining links with the stormy theological thirties. Dr. Brown declined to follow Irving into the Catholic Apostolic Church, returning to Scotland, where he was born ninety-four years ago, as minister of Ord, in Banffshire. He came out with the "Non-Intrusionists," who founded the Free Kirk, and in 1857 was appointed a Professor in the Free Church College, Aberdeen, rising to the highest place in his Church. He was the great opponent of his colleague, the late Professor Robertson Smith, in the historic heresy hunt, and was a member of the New Testament Revision Committee. The King of Serbia made him a Knight Commander of the Royal Order of St. Sava for abridging his Commentary on the Gospels and Acts for translation into the Servian language. He was an extraordinarily active old gentleman, entering keenly into public life up to within a few months of his death. Dr. Dyer Brown, his son, is the well-known London homoeopathist.

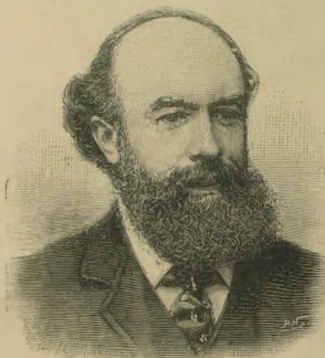


Photo Bell, Regent Street.
SIR GEORGE MARTIN,
ORGANIST OF ST. PAUL'S.



Photo Pitts and Co., Colombo.
MR. J. W. CHARLES DE SOYSA,
REPRESENTATIVE OF CEYLON AT THE JUBILEE.



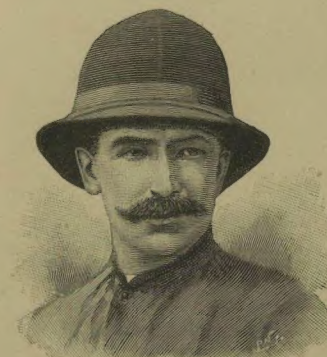
Photo Langfayle, Dublin.
THE LATE CAPTAIN BOYCOTT.



Photo Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.
MR. W. H. AUSTIN,
SENIOR WRANGLER.



Photo Menzies, Pembroke Crescent.
THE LATE MRS. OLIPHANT.



THE LATE MR. WALTER C. RAND, I.C.S.,
ASSASSINATED AT POONA.

and sundry of her subsequent novels, notably "Adam Grime of Mossgrange," "The Laird of Norlaw," and "Kirsteen" are far superior to the much-vaunted works of the modern Kailyard school.

But it is probably as the author of the series of novels grouped together as "The Chronicles of Carlingford," rather than by her Scottish studies, that Mrs. Oliphant will keep a place not far below the greatest of her craft when time shall have sifted her best work from her second best. George Eliot herself, to whom the earlier volumes of the series were by many critics attributed, drew no more truthful pictures of certain aspects of English country life than are to be found in "Salem Chapel," "The Rector," "The Perpetual Curate," "Phoebe Junior," and the other volumes of a series distinguished by a shrewd humour, a rich imagination, and a dramatic power such as only our best writers have possessed. In later years the speculative side of Mrs. Oliphant's strongly religious temperament lent itself with striking effect to three stories of the supernatural, "A Beleaguered City," "A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen," and "The Land of Darkness," and her lives of St. Francis d'Assisi, Dr. Chalmers, and Edward Irving are vivid studies in religious biography.

Though lacking in profundity of scholarship and historical research, her books on "The Makers" of Venice, Florence, and Rome are essentially readable and, to the popular mind, instructive. Much of her critical work made its first appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and her long connection with the great publishing firm has probably made her "History of the House of Blackwood," shortly to be issued, one of her most interesting essays in biography.

Mrs. Oliphant's life was, in its quiet way, a very heroic one. Married to a cousin, Mr. Francis Wilson Oliphant,

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen on Saturday received her faithful Commons, with their wives and daughters, at a garden-party at Windsor, and over four hundred members accepted her Majesty's invitation, and the ladies of the party increased the number to a thousand. The Queen, who wore white and black, drove about the lawn for upwards of an hour, exchanging words with some of the most representative members, including the Speaker, Mr. Balfour, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Abraham, and Mr. William Allan.

The Queen has addressed to the First Lord of the Admiralty a letter expressing the pride with which she had heard from the Prince of Wales of the splendid condition of the fleet at the recent Naval Review.

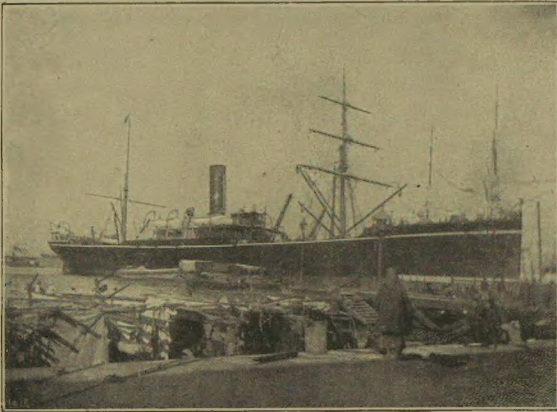
The Prince of Wales, after his experience at Spithead, must have discharged with more than ordinary zest his duties as Honorary President of the International Congress of Naval Architects, which was opened on Tuesday at the Imperial Institute. The Prince gave a short address of welcome, in which he was seconded by Mr. Goschen; and Lord Hopetoun subsequently announced that the Queen would receive the members at Windsor Castle on Saturday.

the time of Lieutenant Ayer's assassination, have been followed by serious rioting at Chitpur, one of the municipal subdivisions of Calcutta, the cause of the disturbance being the alleged profanation of a mosque. A strong force of police failed to control the rioters, and the military were called out to their aid. The murderers of Mr. Rand and Lieutenant Ayer are still at large, but Poona is now occupied by a strong police force instructed to arrest suspected persons and suppress the spreading of seditious pamphlets. The native journals have for some time been promoting disaffection by their denunciations of the methods used to check the plague. The numbers on the Famine Relief list are still increasing, but not so largely as of late, rain having fallen in certain districts. A locust plague has added considerably to the sufferings of the northern districts of the North-West Provinces. Arrangements are proceeding apace for the Tchi punitive expedition, which is to avenge the treacherous attack of an Anglo-Indian force by Waziris. A body of coolies connected with the expedition were on July 3 attacked by a force of Dawaris, but the hostile tribesmen were routed, and many of them taken prisoners by the cavalry escort protecting the advance of provisions and ammunition.

In the Dutch East Indies the Dutch troops engaged

THE WRECK OF THE "ADEN."

The total wreck of the *Aden* has resulted in the loss of nearly eighty lives of passengers and crew, and in the escape of about half that number of survivors only after seventeen days of exposure and suffering. The *Aden*, a steamship of the P. and O. Company, built at Middlesbrough, of 2517 tonnage, commanded by Captain Hill, and carrying passengers, mails, and a cargo of tea, was on her belated way home from Yokohama. She left Colombo on June 1, and in two days' time encountered a severe monsoon, the weather for the next six days going from bad to worse. Then on June 9, at three in the morning, the vessel struck the reef Rás Rádresseh, a place of evil name for the navigator in the Indian Ocean, off the east of the Island of Socotra. The engine-room was at once flooded; the cabin lights went out; and in terror-stricken confusion the passengers, in their night clothes, rushed on deck. A glance showed that the vessel's condition was hopeless. Signals of distress were made, life-belts were served out, and the boats, or such of them as had not already been washed away, were lowered. The life-boat, as soon as it touched water, was immediately swept below, with three Lascars in it, and the first officer, Mr. Carden. The second officer, Mr. Miller, went to the rescue in the gig, only to be himself engulfed. The



THE "ADEN."

Rás Rádresseh.

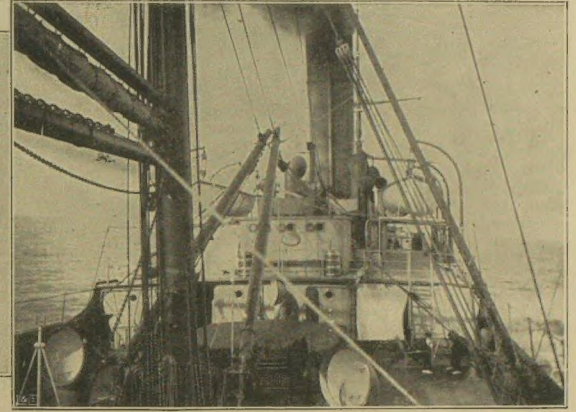
Rás Dóm.



Photo Vivanti, Venice.

MR. HILL,

CAPTAIN OF THE "ADEN."



THE "ADEN"—FORWARD.

Round Hill (3774 ft.) Hagiar (4656 ft.)

Rás Haulaf.



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF SOCOTRA FROM THE NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE ROCKS ON ITS EASTERN COAST, OFF WHICH THE "ADEN" WAS WRECKED.

From a Sketch by Chevalier Dalton.

Lord Salisbury has just received, at the Foreign Office, a deputation from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, who desire that the Niger territories should be withdrawn from a chartered company's administration, and put under direct Imperial control. Lord Salisbury, in promising to consider the suggestion carefully, reminded the deputation of the great work and expense undertaken by the Niger Company, with whom the Government's dealings must be considerate and equitable.

In accordance with ancient custom, the laws passed by the Legislature of the Isle of Man during the past year were promulgated on the Tynwald Hill, Lord Henniker, as Lieutenant-Governor of the island, occupying the State chair in the presence of the members of the Legislative Council and the House of Keys.

The dispute in the engineering trade has reached a very critical stage, and the prospect of concerted action throughout the country which it offers seems likely to render it one of the most far-reaching of modern labour struggles. The Federated Employers throughout the kingdom, save those of Sheffield and Belfast, have met the strike of the six Metropolitan unions for an eight-hours day by discharging twenty-five per cent. of those of their staff who are members of the unions.

The outrages at Poona, which have now resulted in the death of Mr. Rand, the Plague Commissioner wounded at

against the Achinese have destroyed a number of the enemy's strongholds, but only with considerable loss of life in their own ranks. Great damage has been done to the important town of Samarang by a disastrous fire.

Disturbances continue in Crete. The Bashi-Bazouks of Candia have made a number of fierce raids on neighbouring Christian villages. Most of the local representatives are now elected for the new Assembly, and are anxiously awaiting the further development of the autonomy scheme of the Powers. The Greco-Turkish question is meantime absorbing diplomatic attention at Constantinople under fluctuating conditions.

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third and last boat was lowered amidst an anguish of apprehension, and, although it nearly capsized, it was righted, and women and children were lowered into it with the exception of two missionary women, Miss Lloyd and Miss Weller, and three brave English wives—Mrs. Gillett, Mrs. Pearce, and Mrs. Strain—who decided to die, if need be, with their husbands, and who kept their children with them. Thus freighted, and manned by European sailors, the boat left the ship in a tremendous sea and drifted quickly out of sight.

Light, eagerly longed for, had come at last, but no abatement of the storm's violence. One by one the men, women, and children on the wreck were washed overboard. Mr. Strain with his wife and two children were the first to go; then the missionary ladies; then the baby of Mrs. Pearce, with its Chinese nurse; then Captain Hill, whose leg had been broken earlier in the storm. Famine was threatened when, on the evening of June 5, a vessel—the *Mayo*, of the Royal Indian Marine—anchored under Socotra Island, saw the signals made from the rigging of the derelict by a Lascar, came within a mile, and sent its life-boat, which reached the wreck with the utmost difficulty, and rescued, in two instalments, the survivors, between forty and fifty in all. Meanwhile, of the first boat which put to sea from the wreck no news has been heard at all. The P. and O. Company have, however, organised search expeditions to the neighbouring coasts.



PRINCE OF WALES as Grand Master
of Knights Hospitallers of Malta. DUCHESS OF YORK.

PRINCESS VICTORIA,
as Marguerite de Valois.

PRINCESS OF WALES
as Marguerite de Valois.

PRINCESS CHARLES
OF DENMARK.

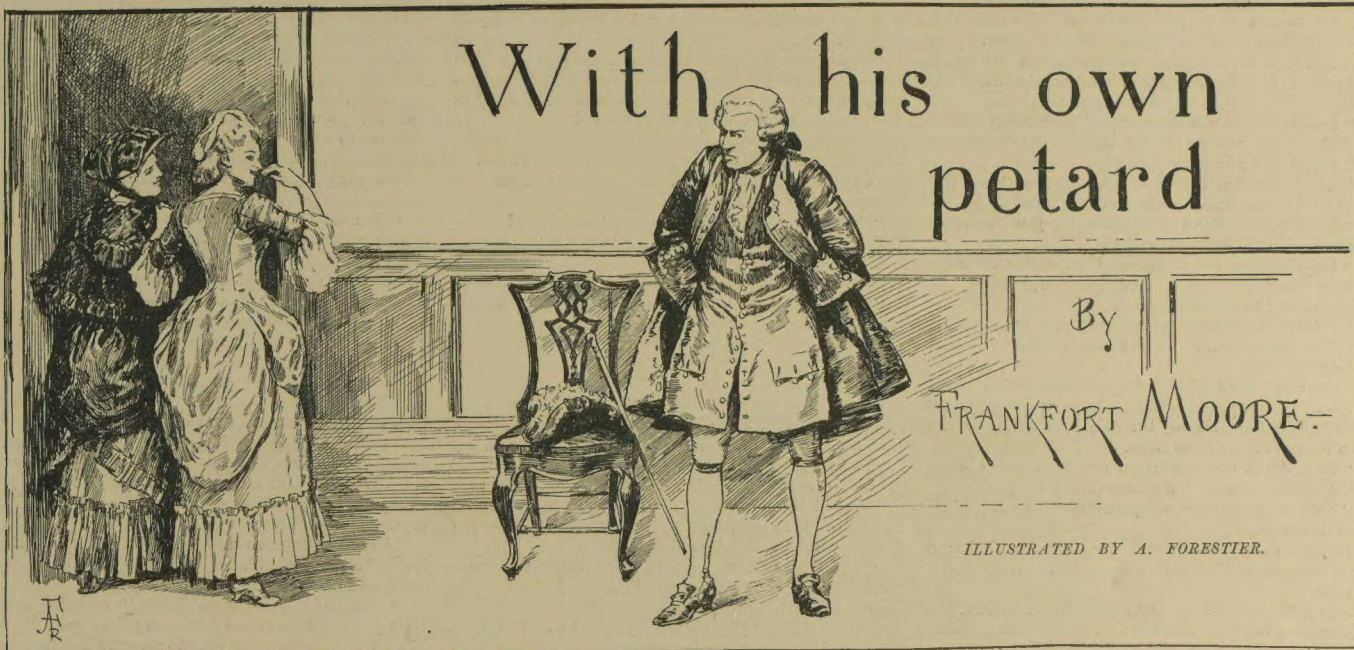
LADY RAINCLIFFE
as Catherine II. of Russia.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL.—[See Page 37.]



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

FRANKNESS, my dear Sir, I have always held to be the best cloak for one's real feelings," said Miss Bellamy, the actress, assuming one of those smiles of hers which took the place of reason and logic in her conversation, imparting to it thereby a fascination which neither reason nor logic, nor a combination of the two—for the two are not invariably antagonistic—can give to the words of a charming woman.

"Epigrams, my dear Madam, I have always held to be the worst cloak for one's deficiency of wisdom," said Mr. Metham.

"The man who sneers at a deficiency of wisdom on the part of a woman is no more sincere than the wolf who complains of the silliness of a lamb," said Miss Bellamy, her face becoming roseate and thereby forging another link in the fetter of roses which bound at least one of her lovers to her side.

"And let me tell you, Madam, that the woman who—who—well, who employs such an ally as a blush against her enemy, places a man who is quarrelling with her *hors de combat*," said Mr. Metham, throwing his hat, which he had picked up a minute before, into a corner of the lady's very elegant apartment in Conduit Street. "Ah, my dear one," he continued, "why will you persist in your ill-treatment of me? I cannot believe that you are altogether without a heart."

"Ah, Sir, such flattery is enough to turn the head of a weak woman"; and the lady made an elaborate courtesy.

"Nay, 'tis her heart and not her head that I want to turn, but, alas! I fear that to do so is beyond my power"; and Mr. Metham endeavoured to give the sigh of a true lover of the days when true love was supposed to express itself mainly through the sigh and the minuet.

Miss Bellamy threw herself back in her chair, displaying in the act the toes of one very dainty tilted foot and the very dainty ankle of the one that remained on the floor. She laughed until in each cheek there appeared a dimple resembling that of a peach suddenly ripened.

"Fore Heaven, Mr. Metham, you act the part of a lover with considerable adroitness," she cried. "Sure, 'tis Mr. Garrick that has stood as your model. I vow that you suggest Davy—yes, Davy at his worst."

"Ah, I lose all patience with you!" cried the lover, going toward where his hat was lying, his face reddening, but not producing precisely the same effect as the flush of the rose upon Miss Bellamy's cheeks was accustomed to achieve.

"Ah, Sir, your losses in my presence are, according to your own account, very formidable," she said, still laughing in her fascinating way. "First in the list was your heart—the value of that loss cannot be computed, I suppose. Then came the disappearance of your temper, but 't' faith, Sir, it was so bad that I would s'en think it no great loss, and now——"

"Ah, for pity's sake spare me your raillery, child. I tell you that whatever my losses may be they are more than compensated for by one of your smiles."

He took her hand and leant over her. She allowed him to kiss her hand, but when he went to put one of the negligent strands of her hair into its place, she interposed.

"Nay, Sir, I decline to accept your services as friseur," she said.

"Will nothing turn your heart?" he cried.

"Do you seek to turn it from the one on whom it is

fixed at present?" she said, with a sly look at the tip-tilted toes of her satin shoes.

"Do I seek—why, have I not been trying for the past hour to——"

"Now, Sir, pray think what your answer to my question may imply. Do you seriously demand that I should turn my affections from their present object?"

"What! Is't possible that?"

"Nay, Sir, I must be answered by 'Yes' or 'No.'"

He looked at her with doubtful eyes, and as he looked the puzzled expression on his face increased.

"But I do know. I ask Heaven for no greater happiness than to make you my wife."

"Ah! I think that when Heaven wishes to teach a man a lesson it grants him his petition. Men know not what they want for happiness, but they presume to dictate to Heaven—ay, and to a woman."

"True, but with me——"

"Nay, answer me truly before we go any further: Do you wish my heart to change?"

He looked at her eagerly.

"Not if you have the least tender feeling——"



"Fore Heaven, Mr. Metham, you act the part of a lover with considerable adroitness," she cried.

"I know not what to make of you, George Ann Bellamy," he said at last.

"What! when you said yesterday that you wanted to make me your wife?"

"And you would not say either yea or nay. What delight does it give you to keep a man hovering between happiness and despair?"

"Supposing I do so because I fear that that man does not know for himself in what direction his happiness lies?"

"Answer me, yes or no?"

"No!" he almost shouted.

Her face flushed once more. She gave him her hand as if under the force of a sudden impulse.

"By the Lord, you are right," she said, "for I do believe that I care for no one but you. Nay, nay; that by no means gives your arm permission to destroy the contour of my muslin. Heavens! is't just when women are most polite that men must needs be most rude?"

"Sweet one, what you have said has filled me with delight," he cried.

"Ah, that is where you greatly err," she said. "I swear that I have said nothing that should enrapture you. 'Tis but a mere expression of opinion. I said but that I believed; I may be wrong—'tis most likely that I am wrong."

"I am willing to run the chance of your being right," he said. "For myself I know that 'tis impossible—Now what can anyone want here?"

His interrogation, uttered in a tone of impatience, followed hard upon a knock at the door of the room.

"My Lord Clermont is inquiring for you, Madam," said the maid who entered the room.

"Impudent coxcomb!" muttered Mr. Metham. "Your mistress is not at home to Lord Clermont, Belinda," he added, turning to the maid.

"Show my Lord Clermont upstairs," said Miss Bellamy. "You do not mean to see that coxcomb!" cried Metham.

"Show my Lord Clermont upstairs," said the actress sharply. "Pray, Sir, allow me to be mistress in my own house," she cried, elevating her chin by an inch or two when the maid had left the room.

"Nay, if you have a will you may see a score of coxcombs," said Metham. "But meantime I will go."

"That means that you will permit me to see only nineteen," laughed the girl.

He threw his arms round her, and kissed her a dozen times on the face before she could recover from her surprise.

And yet when Lord Clermont entered, Mr. Metham was only pressing her hand to his lips as he made his adieux.

"Ha, Clermont!" he cried, while that young nobleman was still making his bow, "you have returned from the Wells?"

"Looking as well as if you had remained in town, my Lord," said Miss Bellamy, concealing with great art the fluttering at heart which her lover's assault had occasioned her.

"You are vastly polite, Madam," said Lord Clermont. "But I swear that if I chance to look well now, 'tis but because I find myself at last in the presence of Miss Bellamy."

"If it means health to come into Miss Bellamy's presence I shall need a doctor immediately, for I am just leaving her," said Mr. Metham.

"If you, leaving her, are still whole, you may escape, Sir," said Lord Clermont.

"And if you, coming to her, escape, you will be more fortunate than the majority of Miss Bellamy's visitors; and so farewell, my Lord Clermont."

With a look at the actress which was meant to convey to her a great deal, Metham bowed himself out of the room.

The look which Miss Bellamy gave him in return puzzled him. But then he was accustomed to receive from her enigmatical looks as well as words.

"Strike me dumb, my dear lady, but I am glad he has taken his leave of you," said Lord Clermont. "I dare swear that he was here every day during my absence. What was he talking about?"

"Your impudence amounts to a fine art, my Lord," laughed the actress. "I vow that I find Mr. Metham vastly diverting."

"I'm glad of that," said he. "The man that is diverting to a woman is never her accepted lover."

"Lord! Then I protest that I am left without a lover, for I find all men diverting," said she.

"They say you look on Metham with favour," remarked the visitor; "I cannot for myself believe it."

"That would almost persuade me that the rumour is true," said she.

"Why, Madam, a clever woman like yourself would see how shallow that fellow is."

"If not, I have, at any rate, sufficiently good eyesight to perceive how shallow are the artifices of some aspirants to my favour when they suspect they have rivals."

"Pshaw! my dear Madam; do you fancy that I regard Mr. Metham as my rival? Lord, Madam, 'tis notorious in our world that he only follows the fashion in the affairs of his heart, as the French say. Yes, I faith, 'twas bet on in White's that he would be in your train, just because it is the proper course for a man who aspires to be thought modish to follow. Mr. Maxwell laid five to one on the event with Lord Hobart, but Hobart was not to be taken in so easily: he knew Metham's weakness too well."

"Why, my Lord, you have almost succeeded in interesting me in this Mr. Metham. 'Twould seem then that the keeping of so fickle a gentleman in my train is an achievement. Well, I'll do my best to secure him, if only to win for him a reputation for constancy."

The young Lord looked somewhat chagrined as the clever lady, with a pleasant affectation of demureness, signified to him her intention of retaining his rival.

"You may try your best," said he, "You'll not succeed. The next toast of White's will carry him, you may be sure."

"Your Lordship is not over complimentary to my powers," said Miss Bellamy.

"Nay, my dear, I have only an overwhelming belief in man's inconstancy," said he. "As for your powers—Lord, my dear Madam, am I not a living testimony to your potency?"

"I suppose you are: 'tis three weeks past since you swore to me that you loved me, and yet you still visit me. I suppose that should give me an overwhelming belief in the constancy of man—three whole weeks!"

"Ah, my sweet one, I am not framed after the pattern of Mr. Metham. When I love, my heart remains fixed. I know not what it is to change. And yet you will not trust me—you will not trust me."

"Did I ever say that I would not trust you?" Miss Bellamy inquired, after a pause. "On the contrary, I told you that it was quite possible I might trust you—eventually."

"And you expected that that assurance would satisfy me?"

"Why should it not satisfy you, if you are a model of constancy, my Lord?"

"Is a traveller in the Great Desert satisfied when he sees in the distance the image of the clear lakes and the sparkling wells for which he thirsts?"

"An appropriate image, I vow, is that of yours, my Lord, for have you not been thirsting after the Wells yourself—the glittering wells of Bath? You have been drinking at those wells. Pray, Sir, did you find them sweet enough to compensate you for the great desert of London which you left behind you?"

"I left London, as you well know, because you were unkind to me; but strike me blind, *ma belle amie*—my George Ann Belle Amie—"

"What a merry play upon my poor name! You mean to cease to be a lover in order to become just the opposite—a wit?"

"I swear to you, my dear one, that when at the Wells I was evermore longing to be back in the Desert. You will give me a kind word, child?"

"I will—yes, I will say to you the kindest word that mortal lips could speak to one in your situation, and that is 'Go away!'"

"You evermore seek to make a jest of me."

"Better that than to give other people a chance of making a jest of me. Go away, Lord Clermont."

"I believe you fancy that Metham is in earnest and not in jest so far as you are concerned. But if I have only him to fear as a rival, I don't fear greatly. The whisk of the first petticoat in his ears—the sparkle of the first pair of dark eyes before his own, and hey, presto! your true lover is on his knees before another shrine."

"You are challenging me to keep him."

"I am challenging you to put him to the test."

"How—to the test?"

"Wait until a new beauty comes across his path."

"Yes, one more beautiful than my poor self? Oh, Lu! you are in a complimentary mood to-day."

"Put him to the test."

"Oh, go away, you tire me with your parrot phrases, my Lord."

"Oh, yes, I'll go away, but as the villain in your last tragedy, says, 'I will return anon, and then—'"

"The words of a rascal come glibly to your lips, my Lord."

The actress lay back in her chair with one hand behind her head, and laughed good humouredly.

The young Lord kissed her other hand, and then sighed pretty much as Metham had sighed a quarter of an hour before.

"'Tis only a man like myself who has met all the loveliness of woman and has laughed it to scorn that can appreciate you as you deserve," he said. "If I lose you I shall lose all I care about in this desert world."

"And if you find me 'tis I that shall be lost," said she. "And so good-day to you, my Lord Clermont."

He shook his head, sighed once more, and left the room.

He had not reached the street before the girl had sprung to her feet and was pacing the room with hands clenched and eyes flashing.

"I know now which of the two I love," she cried. "My love! my love! He kissed me!—ah, if he had but known how my heart—my soul—was burning to give him kiss for kiss—ay, and a hundred thousand over—he would not have gone from me. Oh, why—why—why have I still doubts of him? Is it the deception that my father played upon my mother that makes me have a suspicion of all men? Why did I draw back when I had confessed to him that I cared for him? Oh, what is this instinct of suspicion? Is it evermore to come between me and happiness? Even now—at this instant when I feel most sure of myself, I feel that—that—what did the other say?—a test—a test? Good, I will put them both to the test. But how—how? Where am I to find the woman?"

Her eyes caught the reflection of her own lovely flushed face in a mirror. She looked for a long time at that exquisite framed picture and laughed. She was not a vain woman, though she was in the habit of receiving such homage as would have turned the head of many a girl with more experience of the world than she had; she knew, however, that she should have difficulty in finding a woman whose beauty could rival her own.

It was that reflection which caused her to laugh. The laugh was still on her face when the door opened,

revealing two strange figures about to enter. They were tall figures of women wearing travelling cloaks with hoods so arranged as to completely conceal their faces.

"What on earth! Ladies, you must have made some mistake!" cried the actress. "I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"Nay; is not this the house of Mr. Robinson of London?" said one of the strange pair.

"We be strangers in these parts, Madam, but we seek our friend Mr. Robinson of Lunnon," said the other.

The actress paused with a puzzled look on her face. Then she said gravely—

"You are quite right, ladies. This is Mr. Robinson's house; and, look you, be not surprised—I am Mr. Robinson!"

She had approached her visitors, and then with a sudden jerk she flung back one of the hoods.

With a shriek of laughter both the figures threw off their cloaks, and then there stood in that room the two loveliest women that the world has ever seen—Maria Gunning and her sister Elizabeth.

What they looked like at that moment we can but guess. Their loveliness was only transferred to the canvases of the great painters after they had been for some time in London. But now they had just arrived from Ireland, with all that fresh glory of their youth shining through their wonderful almond eyes—their marvellously transparent skin.

They flung themselves in turn upon the actress, kissing her and crying out on her in their soft Irish brogue for a witch for having seen through their disguise.

"You are a pair of simpletons," said the actress. "Do you fancy that there is another pair of eyes in London like my Maria's—another voice to compare in softness with my Betty's Irish brogue?"

"What, d'ye mean to say that we haven't quite caught the real English accent?" cried Maria with a grave face.

"The real English accent!" said Miss Bellamy, imitating her with inimitable drollery. "What has either of you to do with a 'real English accent'?"

"And we were sartin that we'd caught it to perfection!" said Betty, shaking her head mournfully. "Me mother said we'd caught it, and she has a fine ear, so she has."

"It seems as if the Oirish accent was as bad as the small-pox; once ye have it, its marks can never be rubbed out. Ah, the English is so genteel!" said Maria.

"You are a pair of fools!" cried the actress, lying back in her chair and pointing a derisive forefinger at each of them in turn. "Are you really so simple as to fancy that your lovely brogue will interfere with your conquests in town?"

"Me mother said—" began Maria.

"Never mind what 'me mother' said," cried Miss Bellamy. "Did a girl ever make a conquest yet by mind-ing what her mother said? Oh, you'll both forget soon enough all that your mother said. Why, 'tis she that will be bragging all through Dublin about what her daughters the Duchesses said."

"Ah! ye haven't forgot what the witch told us when the three of us went to see her—but it was only one of us that was to be the Duchess, and that one was Betty," said Maria. "It was me that was to be content with something less."

"So it was," said the actress. "Betty was to be the Duchess."

"Yes—a double Duchess, mind that!" cried Elizabeth with comical eagerness.

"Isn't she greedy?" cried Maria. "Mightn't she be content with one Duke and let me have t'other, Miss Bell?"

"My sweet creature, his Grace—both of them—will be dead and forgotten, while your grace will live and be remembered as the most gracious thing that the century has known. Oh, I am a woman and a beauty too!—so they say, and nobody is better aware of that fact than myself—but, compared to either of you, I am, as Shakespeare said, as a satyr to Hyperion."

"High—high—what did ye say her name was?" cried Maria anxiously. "Did they laugh at her for being so tall? Me mother says that I'm a weeny bit too tall. Sure, didn't they call me the colleen mohr—the big little girl—all through Connaught?"

"They'll call you something better all through London before long," said Miss Bellamy.

"Ye think that there's nobody handsomer than us in all London?" cried Maria. "'Tis me mother that would be wild if anybody said that anybody was handsomer than us. So far as we're concerned ourselves, we don't think there's much chance of anybody handsomer appearin', do we, Betty?"

"Ye goose, don't ye know that we mustn't say so, whatever we may think?" said the wiser sister.

"But there's no one so beautiful as the two of us, is there now?" cried Maria anxiously.

"Why, there's no one so beautiful as any one of you, to say nothing of the combined charms of the 'two of ye,'" said Miss Bellamy. "But how did you manage to take my advice and come to London town?" she added.

Then they told her in their own rambling, amusing way all that had happened to them since Miss Bellamy

had, the previous year when acting in Dublin, found the family in great distress in Britain Street, and had lent them clothes and money, pending the return of their uncle, Lord Mayo. They told her—what she already knew—that they had captivated all the officials of Dublin Castle, from the Lord Lieutenant down to the sentries in the Castle Yard, and how their mother had managed to scrape together money enough to bring them to England—they did not fail to inform her as to the people from whom the money had been borrowed, and the exact words made use of by their mother to those who refused to contribute to a fund which was plausibly patriotic, since its object was to make the people of England aware of the beauty of at least two Irish girls—all this they told to their benefactress, consulting her with charming frankness on the possibility of their making brilliant matches in London.

It was impossible to be in the presence of these two exquisite creatures, who were at that time absolutely devoid of affectation, without yielding to the influence of their dazzling beauty and innocence. They kept Miss Bellamy laughing at their delightfully Irish way of looking at matters. She had told Mr. Metham when he had declared that he would speak to her frankly regarding her treatment of him, that she regarded frankness as the best cloak for one's real feelings; but she knew that the frankness of the Gunning sisters was sincerity itself. It was thus very amusing, being something to which she was altogether unaccustomed.

It was not until they were at the point of leaving her that a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"Look here, my children," she said. "I want to have the honour and glory of bringing you out in the world of fashion—though Heaven forbid that I should take on my shoulders the responsibility for the crimes which you will commit, the hearts you will break, the careers which you will ruin with those dreadful eyes of yours. I will procure you invitations to a ball which Lady Caroline Petersham is to give next week."

"Oh, heavens! you're our good angel, so ye are!" they cried. "'Tis our new frocks that we'll have a chance of showing off at last," continued the ingenuous Maria.

"So you shall," said the kind Miss Bellamy. "But don't call me your good angel. Perhaps one of you may be mine."

She sent them back to their lodgings in a hackney coach, taking the precaution of paying the fare; and when she returned to her room she stood once more in front of her mirror, looking gravely at the reflection of her face on its surface.

"This will be the test," she said musingly. "Each of them is infinitely more beautiful than I am; but if he is sincere in his love for me he will not be affected by their bright eyes."

She had no trouble getting invitations for them to Lady Caroline Petersham's ball, nor had she to use many arts in order to persuade Mrs. Gunning to permit them to accompany her to that entertainment. It was with a little sinking at heart, however, that she presented the two beauties to Mr. Metham, who was awaiting her coming at the door of the ball-room. She watched him narrowly while he looked first at one girl, then at the other, after bowing low to them.

"Faith, my dear," he whispered to Miss Bellamy, "you have done some ladies an ill-turn to-night, for which you will not soon find forgiveness. Heavens! Where on earth did you discover so lovely a pair? They will overwhelm all the standard beauties in the room."

"As well as the hearts of all men," said Miss Bellamy with a laugh that had a bitter note in its music.

Within the next half-hour the prophecy of Mr. Metham had been realised. The triumph of the Gunning sisters was overwhelming. The "standard beauties"—as they were called—of the world of fashion seemed dowdy in the same room as that incomparable pair; and, what was worse, the standard beauties were neglected by the men in favour of the lovely strangers.

Mr. Metham had walked through a minuet with each of the sisters in turn, and he found himself by the side of Miss Bellamy, telling her with great amusement of the ingenious remarks made by both. He found Miss Bellamy kinder to him than she had ever been before. Once, however, when a dance was at the point of beginning, she gave a little start, and her face flushed—her eyes flashed.

"What is the matter?" he ventured to ask. "Surely 'tis not possible that your partner has forgot to claim you? Ah, let us hope that this is the case, so that you and I may have the dance together."



She had approached her visitors, and then with a sudden jerk she flung back one of the hoods.

"Nay," she cried. "I have not promised this dance to anyone."

"What! you kept it for me? Oh, you are an angel."

"That is the second time I have been called an angel during the week," she said. "The first time it was by that lovely girl, Maria Gunning, who is dancing with—is it Lord Clermont?"

"Yes; 'i' faith, Clermont seems enraptured with her—this is the third dance they have had together within the hour."

And so it was; and it was, moreover, Lord Clermont who, still by the side of Maria Gunning, and with eyes fixed upon her face, charmingly flushed with the dance, sauntered opposite the alcove where Miss Bellamy was seated with Mr. Metham fanning herself. Lord Clermont was laughing at some of the sarcasms of the country girl. The country girl had plainly been sneering at one of the standard beauties whom she had overheard sneering at herself and her sister.

"Nay, Madam," Lord Clermont was saying, "you may say that her Ladyship's face frightens you, 'tis so like a Chinese monster on a jar, but does not she know how to dress?"

"Oh, yes; she knows how. If a lady doesn't know her own wakenesses, who does?" replied the Irish girl.

"Nay, that gown suits her to perfection," said Lord Clermont in mock protest against her severity.

"Oh, faith, it does suit her well: it consales her figure to perfection," said Miss Gunning in all innocence.

The young Lord roared with laughter, and at the same instant Maria caught sight of Miss Bellamy in the alcove and threw herself on the next chair to her, crying—

"My dear, dear Bell, isn't this just heaven?"

Lord Clermont gave a little start and reddened when he noticed Miss Bellamy.

"Fore Gad, Madam," he said, after an embarrassing pause, "I owe you the humblest of apologies. I swear to you that the charming conversation of Miss Gunning caused me to forget my duty."

"I scarce know what you mean, my Lord," said Miss Bellamy. "I have been taught, however, that duty and pleasure are usually in antagonism."

At this point another gentleman came up, and, claiming Maria for the next dance, walked off with her. In another moment Miss Bellamy had taken the proffered arm of Mr. Metham, leaving Lord Clermont standing alone in the alcove, just beneath a splendid sconce of wax candles.

Before Miss Bellamy's coach was announced the two strangers had become the centre of a circle of gentlemen—the most distinguished in the town and before another week had passed the fame of their beauty had spread in every direction. They had taken Society by storm. By the aid of no sinister arts they had attained to an unrivalled position in the fashionable world. They became the subject of toasts at White's, of duels at Chalk Farm, and of poems at the coffee-houses frequented by the great wits of the period. They had in their train peers by the dozen, and among them was young Lord Clermont. He it was who, when the crowd in the Mall, anxious to gaze upon the two girls, pressed too close upon them, drew his sword, showing an example which was followed by a score of gentlemen present, so that Maria and Betty promenaded in a style that the princesses of the royal family had never known.

It was when the lovely pair were the centre of this strange procession, and thoroughly enjoying themselves in their ingenuous way, that they were met by Miss Bellamy, who was walking with Mr. Metham. The girls kissed their hands to her, and she returned their salutation. She saw the young Duke of Hamilton

by the side of Betty, while Maria was walking between Lord Clermont and the Earl of Coventry.

"What do those young friends of yours mean to do?" said Mr. Metham.

"They mean to enjoy themselves, and so far as I can gather, they do not lack enjoyment," said Miss Bellamy.

"True; but whom will they marry? There are two Dukes in the train of the lovely Elizabeth."

"She will probably marry both—in turn."

"And the fair Maria—is it to be Lord Clermont or Coventry?"

"Why should not she marry both?"

"Do you know, my dear, I once fancied that you favoured Clermont?"

She laughed strangely.

"If I ever favoured him," she said, "he passed out of my favour when a wise man came to me and showed me a way of testing the fidelity of a lover."

"Heavens! you applied the test to me?"

"I did. You rang true. If you had not, I should have died."

"And I should have deserved hanging," said he.

A fortnight later, Miss Bellamy, calling to see her young friends, found Lord Clermont and Maria together. "Oh, you've arrived in good time, my beloved!" cried the girl. "My Lord Clermont has just asked me to marry him. Tell me what I am to do?"

"Nay, 'fore Gad, this is past a jest!" said Lord Clermont.

"What am I to do—tell me quick?" cried Maria. "Beg of him to acquaint you with the infallible test of fidelity which he gave to me," said Miss Bellamy. "Tell him that you will marry him when you find some girl



THE THAKUR SAHIB OF GONDAL

lovelier than yourself whom you can present to him, and so learn if he loves you for yourself or because other men rave about your beauty."

"Oh, lud! I'm not to marry him till I find someone more beautiful than myself? Why, that will be never!" cried the girl with Irish naïveté.

"That certainly is my opinion," said Miss Bellamy with a quiet smile.

"And, by my troth, that will have to be his answer, for an hour ago my Lord Coventry asked me to marry him, and I gave his Lordship my Bible oath that I would."

"What?" shouted Lord Clermont, white with rage; "you have been fooling me for the past fortnight!"

"Every day of it," replied the girl, her face alight with laughter. "And 'tis only sorry I am that I can't fool you for a while longer, considering how you tried to fool my best friend, Miss Bellamy. Oh, yes; I heard the whole story from a gentleman the first night I met you,



UMDAID SINGH, RAJ-KUMAR OF SHAHPURA.

when you danced with me though you were due to her; and so I thought it good fun to fool you, my Lord, and so it was; but now the fun is over and there's no need for you to stay here any longer, so I have the honour to wish your Lordship good-day, and a pleasant afternoon in the Park."

She made a ridiculously low courtesy, then straightened herself quickly, and laid her right hand on Miss Bellamy's arm, pointing with the other at the man, who stood with fallen jaw in the centre of the room, while her laughter broke forth like the sound of a musical fountain.

He turned about and strode from the room.

THE END.

THE INDIAN PRINCES.

Everyone is agreed that the Jubilee pageant would have lost one of its chief glories had not the Indian Princes been a part of it. For personal and political importance, no less than for picturesque appearance, they made a group which could hardly be anywhere surpassed. Here, there, and everywhere in Windsor they have been seen, and, happily, nearly always in their native dress. At the opera they and their precious stones have riveted attention; and they have been admired on their Arab steeds in the Row, with the light silk streamers of their turbans floating on the winds—sometimes the almost gales—of this summer. They gave colour to the Queen's Garden Party; and they have dined and lunched in the City. Among these seventeen native rulers of India who have been the nation's guests, a Prince has to be very distinguished to tower above the rest. Such a one is Maharaja Dhiraj Sir Partab Singh Bahadur, of Jodhpur. He was Prime Minister to his brother, the late Maharaja, for fourteen years, and became Regent when the succession fell to his brother's son, still only a youth of eighteen. Sir Partab, during his sixteen years of virtual rule, has redeemed the State from bankruptcy, and has introduced British systems of finance, justice, education, and even, to some extent, of marriage. He has a crack cavalry regiment, of which he is Colonel; he is aide-de-camp to the Prince of Wales; he keeps open palace for English and other visitors, and he is the uncle of Prince Ranjitsinhji, the conqueror on English cricket-fields.

By reason of his additional and English title, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy—the third Baronet of his line—is another conspicuous figure. He is the head of the Parsee community, and was born in 1851. The Raja Ajit Singh Bahadur of Khetri, Rajputana, is another conspicuous figure.



Photo Gunn and Emsk, Sloane Street.

MAHARAJA SIR PARTAB SINGH.

He personally administers the State, and manages his six properties, one of which, yielding a rental of 150,000 rupees, was granted to him by the British Government as a reward for the military services of his ancestors. Two of the youngest Princes are Raja Kumar Umaid Singh, heir-apparent of the Raja Dhiraj of Shahpura, who is twenty-one, and his younger brother, Raja Kumar Sardar Singh, both of whom began their education under an English governess. The Rajputs of Maywar, from whom these young Princes descend, had brave fights to maintain their independence against the Delhi Emperors, with whose representatives they could meet in peace at last in London. The present chief has carried out large works of irrigation, and has made great reserves in safety against famine. Education, law, and sanitation are all in a good condition in Shahpura, where, indeed, something like our county councils has been brought into being.

The Indian Princes who have done so much to decorate London crowds have themselves in many instances been further decorated by the Queen in honour of the Jubilee. Sir Partab Singh Bahadur has been given the Grand Cross of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India; so have his Highness Maharaja Vyankatesh Raman Singh Bahadur, Chief of Rewa; his Excellency Sir Bir Shamsheer Jang Rana Bahadur, K.C.S.I., well known as the Prime Minister of Nepal; his Highness Raja Jagatjit Singh Bahadur of Kapurthala; and Sardar Bahadur Kashi Rao Sarve, Commander-in-Chief of the Maharaja Sindhia's army. The Grand Cross of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire has been given to his Highness Sir Bhanwar Pal Deo Bahadur Yadukul Chandra Bhal, Maharaja of Karuli; his Highness Faiz Muhammad Khan, Talpur, Mir of Khairpur in Sind; Sir Lachmeshwar Singh Bahadur, Maharaja of Darbhanga, and his Highness Sir Bhagwat Singh, Thakur Sahib of Gondal. To be Knights Commanders of the same Order of the Indian Empire the Queen has nominated Nawab Amir-un-din Ahmad Khan Bahadur, Chief of Loharu; Mancherjee Merwanjee Bhowanagree; Muhammad Munewwar Ali, Khan Bahadur, Prince of Arcot; and Nawab Bahadur Kwaja Ahsan-ulla, of Dacca.

MUNICIPAL HONOURS OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Besides the Baronetcy for the Lord Mayor of London, the Jubilee honours for municipal service have taken the form of Knighthoods for the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Andrew McDonald, who has held office since 1894, the Lord Mayor of York, and the Mayors of Bolton, Brighton, Norwich, Salford, and Windsor. Her Majesty has further directed that the chief magistrates of the cities of Leeds and Sheffield shall henceforth bear the title of



RAJA AJIT SINGH BAHADUR, OF KHETRI, RAJPUTANA.

Lord Mayor; and that the boroughs of Nottingham, Bradford, and Kingston-upon-Hull shall rank as cities. The towns and cities thus distinguished were well represented at the reception of municipal authorities given at Buckingham Palace by the Queen.

THE GREAT STORM IN ESSEX.

The violent thunderstorm which raged over a great part of England on Thursday afternoon, June 24, did most damage of all in Essex. Darkness and deluges of rain were the general accompaniments of the thunder and lightning; and with these, in Essex, was a hailstorm of astonishing violence. The hailstones, as big as marbles, smashed in the windows—one hundred panes were broken in the house of Major Rasch, M.P.—cut the wheat crop, and destroyed market gardens. A hurricane of wind brought matters to a climax, blowing down houses and tearing up great



THE MAHARAJA OF KAPURTHALA.

trees of fifty years' growth. Our own Illustrations show the case of a typical and substantial farmhouse which stands at Ingatesstone amid hundreds of acres of wrecked crops. The view of the interior shows one of the five bed-rooms of the house, all equally ruined by hail and wind. Over a ton's weight of stones fell on to the bedstead, breaking through it. No wonder the bitter cry of the distressed Essex agriculturist, with his past experience of swine fever, pleuro, the peabug, and foreign competition, has been heard in the newspapers and on the floor of the House of Commons. To the request for State aid, Mr. Balfour has made a reply at once guarded and sympathetic.

LADY TWEEDMOUTH
as Queen Elizabeth

MR. EPHRAÏM
as Spanish Envoy.

LORD ROWTON
as Archbishop Farrer.

MRS. GREVILLE
as Mary Beaton.

MR. HOLDEN
as Court Jester, Will Somers.

LORD GLENKAY
as Lord James Murray.

LADY DE LAUNCEY
as Lady Burgh.



PAUL SPINER
as Sir A. de Wyl.

SIR F. JENKS
as Lord Chief Justice.

COUNTESS OF LONSDALE
as Countess of Essex.

EARL OF ARHAN
as Cardinal Lorraine.

MR. H. WARBENDER
as Sir Philip Sidney.

SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONDSON
as Duc d'Alençon.

LADY TWEEDMOUTH'S COSTUME DINNER PARTY AT BROOK HOUSE.

THE QUEEN'S REVIEW OF HER TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT.



A BATTERY OF ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING PAST.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS CHEERING THE QUEEN AT THE END OF THE REVIEW.



Photo Dawson, Brighton.
SIR JOHN GEORGE BLAKER,
MAYOR OF BRIGHTON.



Photo Shaw, Edinburgh.
SIR ANDREW M'DONALD,
LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.



Photo Debenham and Co., York.
SIR CHRISTOPHER MILWARD,
LORD MAYOR OF YORK.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
SIR GEORGE H. LONG,
MAYOR OF WINDSOR.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
SIR RICHARD MOTTRAM,
MAYOR OF SALFORD.



Photo Cole, Norwich.
SIR CHARLES R. GILMAN,
MAYOR OF NORWICH.



Photo Kay, Bolton.
SIR B. A. DOBSON,
MAYOR OF BOLTON.

MUNICIPAL HONOURS OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.



THE GREAT HAIL-STORM IN ESSEX: THE DAMAGE AT HARDING'S FARM, INGESTONE.
Photographs by Duyshart and Co., Chelmsford.



LORD WALSELEY. DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG. DUCHESS OF YORK. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES. DUKE OF YORK. PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

SIR EDWARD DENEHY. PRINCE OF WALES. DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

DUCHESS OF CASSANOVA. LORD ROBERT. PRINCESS OF WALES. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING THE JUBILEE COMMEMORATION MEDALS TO THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL TROOPS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Britannia rules the waves"—that is an indisputable and practically an undisputed fact. But she rules them as a fond mother rules her spoiled children, and they make her mother's guests now and then very uncomfortable by their romping. Of course they—the billows—mean no harm when they playfully tumble over one another; but the guests wish they had stayed ashore and witnessed the process of ruling from a distance. I do not absolutely belong to the category of those who get on indifferent terms with their inner man the moment they set foot on board a ship. On the contrary. There was a time when I used to cross the Channel more frequently than the Thames, and I was always looked upon as a desirable and not a troublesome passenger; yet I am fain to confess that I prefer terra-firma to the most magnificent and steadiest vessel that was ever launched.

I am writing this after the Naval Review, and by the time my writing gets into print, the glorious sight will have become a matter of history. I made up my mind, if I witnessed the spectacle at all, to witness it from Southsea beach. The last occasion on which I did this yielded a plentiful crop of notes gathered from old tars, and I expected to gather more. I was unfortunately prevented, so the reader must be content with the substance of the memoranda in my possession, which memoranda practically constitute the history of all the naval reviews held at Spithead.

The first of these dates back as far as a century and a quarter, all but a twelvemonth, when George III. inspected his fleet in a magnificent sailing-barge. The day's outing cost the monarch over £2000 in bare money, besides the attendant expenses, for he presented the gunyard wharf and dockyard workmen with £1500, the crews of the yachts *Harfleur* and *Augusta* and of his barge with £350, and the local poor with £250. Two decades seem to have gone by without any review, but in 1794 Lord Howe's victorious fleet anchored off Spithead, and the Sovereign sailed along their lines once more.

The most important naval show of George the Third's reign was, however, in 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns were his guests. Fourteen ships of the line and thirty-one frigates and sloops got into position, and the Prince Regent with the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, the King of Prussia with Prince William (the subsequent Wilhelm I., Emperor of the Germans) and Prince Frederick, the Empress of Russia with the Duchess of Oldenburg (the one who played such a comedy part in the union between Leopold of Saxo-Coburg, the first King of the Belgians, and Princess Charlotte), were all there and were rowed in barges from the dockyard. Alexander I. and his sister, said Duchess of Oldenburg, inquired about the grog, and wanted to taste. "Mix it just as you would for yourself," he remarked to the sailor who was brewing it. "You may be sure, your Majesty, that I won't make it stronger," was Jack's reply. "What's the proportion?" inquired the Czar. "Three parts water and one part rum, your Majesty, but we could do with half and half." "It's very good, though," laughed Alexander, after tasting it. "It is, your Majesty, but might be better." Then Alexander sat down to dinner with eleven Marines. My informant was somewhat hazy about the following story. He fancied the thing had occurred at that particular review; I am under the impression it happened thirteen years later. During the evening the Duke of Clarence was passing along the wharf, when he noticed a sailor, more than half-seas over, leaning against a lamp-post. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Duke. "Who are you?" hiccupped Jack, "that you should interfere?" "Who am I? I am the Lord High Admiral of England." "And a d— good berth, too, mate; see that you keep it," laughed Jack.

The Queen, at her first review (February 1842), was also very anxious to see the men at dinner, so she went to the flag-ship for the purpose. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince's brother, and the Duke of Wellington. As she stepped on the lower deck the men rose, and continued standing, but the Queen sat down, and requested them to do the same, and give her some soup and beef. They were going to send for a spoon and fork for her Majesty; she, however, said that she would use the mess spoons. "Very good, but hot," was her opinion of the food, and then she proposed that she should drink the men's health and the men hers, which proposal brought a look of consternation into the boatswain's face—"for her Majesty was sitting on the grog cupboard." The difficulty was got over; to the boatswain's call of "Attention!" Victoria drank to the health of the men, and the latter replied, "Her Majesty's health; God bless her!"

The first review of real magnitude took place nearly forty-four years ago (August 1833), for it was then that steam-power for naval purposes was practically illustrated to the world. There were twenty-five vessels, representing 1100 guns and 10,000 men. The gigantic ships of war, not considered gigantic now, went without sails and at the rate of eleven miles an hour against wind and tide. They went through a mimic fight, a race home, and a gun-boat attack. "The people were filled with astonishment," commented my informant. This grateful feature of the naval reviews of those days will probably not be recorded again, for a couple of years later the people applauded at the sight of two hundred and forty ships of war, but they were no longer astonished. The Prince Consort, it is true, wrote: "A wonderful sight!" but Englishmen had already, if not become blasé, been taught to expect so much that there was no longer room left for astonishment. That feeling on this last occasion was imported—I am not playing upon words; it was literally imported, for it came from the foreigners and from our own kin across the seas who watched this mighty display of England's naval power. Long may it remain so!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C W WOOD (Haywards Heath).—Postcard to hand. Thanks quite unnecessary; the problem deserved its place.

H O'D BERNARD.—What is the use of the Black Rook at Q R sq? If you can remove that portion of the board of its crowded pieces the position will be improved.

LUPENZA.—Problem received with thanks.

J LRAH (Yazoo City, U.S.A.).—Thanks for kind letter and enclosure. We have submitted it, as you will see, the letter to the opinion of our solvers.

F SMART.—The solution of your problem is neat enough, but we don't see the use of the B Kt at B 3rd.

L BELL.—Look at Problem No. 2773 again, and we think you will find there is no solution in the way you suggest.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2768 and 2769 received from B H Buxton (Singapore); of No. 2770 from Thomas Devlin (Ararat), and Mrs T E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2771 from Thomas Devlin (Ararat, California); of No. 2772 from John Lear (Yazoo City, Mississippi); of No. 2773 from E Worthington (Montreal); of No. 2774 from T Roberts, George J Hucks, J H Pullin, C M A B, L Shadwell (Hendon), F W C (Edinburgh), E M B (Macedon), and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2775 from I Desanges, Cudde Lea, J H Pullin, C E H (Clifton), M G D, F W C (Edinburgh), E M B (Macedon), W H Watts, J S Wesley (Exeter), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), R Nugent (Southwold), C Chisham (Moorch), F H Womersley, Charles Burnett, Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), L Shadwell, and R Worters (Canterbury).

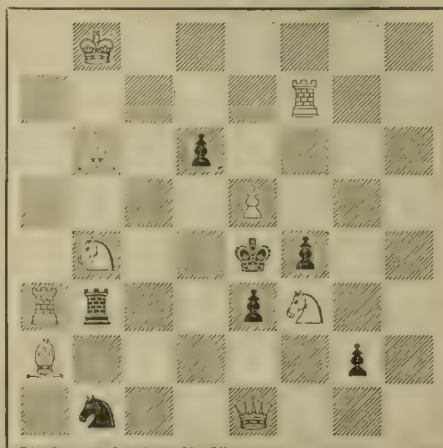
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2776 received from F J Candy (Croyd n), Alpha, T Roberts, Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), L Bell, P B Womersley, Shadforth, C E H (Clifton), H S Branderth (Brackdon), L Desanges, Frank Dretter, F Hooper (Putney), F P Moon, J D Tucker (Leeds), Biet, C E Perugini, Herzogard, E B Ford (Cheltenham), R H Brooks, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E M B (Macedon), H Le Jeune, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), W A A Barnard (Uppingham), Bluet, E P Vulliamy, Sorrento, Fred Elliot (Crouch End), Cudde Lea, R Loudon, C Chisham (Moorch), J G Lord (Castleton), Ubique, F Anderson, M G D, J Bailey (Newark), C M A B, S H Sme, Norman Alliston, Thomas Jarvis (Coventry), Charles Rowbotham (Steyning), and J Dixon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2775.—By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

1. R to B 3rd. Any move.
2. Mate accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2778.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Spring Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. WARD and C. J. WOOD.

Lily Lopez.

WHITE (Mr. Ward).	BLACK (Mr. Wood).	WHITE (Mr. Ward).	BLACK (Mr. Wood).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. B to Q 2nd	P to B 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Q R to B sq	P to B 6th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q R to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
4. Castles	P to Q 3rd	25. Q R to Q sq	
5. P to Q 4th	P takes		
6. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
8. K Kt to K 2nd			

A somewhat peculiar continuation. The squares to be no harm in Kt takes Kt, doubling the Queen side Pawns. The fact that Black gets an open line through this line of play is scarcely a sufficient objection.

8. B to Q 3rd P to Q R 3rd
9. B to B 4th Kt to K 4th
10. P to B 4th Kt takes B
11. Q takes Kt B to Q B 3rd
12. Kt to Q 4th P to Q 4th
13. Kt takes B P takes Kt
14. P to K 5th B to Q R 4th (ch)
15. K to R sq Kt to Kt 5th
16. Q to Kt 3rd

Necessary, to prevent Kt to B 7th (ch), as well as Q to R 5th.

16. P to K R 4th P to K B 4th
17. P to K R 3rd P to K B 4th
18. Kt to R 4th B to R 2nd
19. P to Kt 4th Q R to Kt sq
20. P to R 3rd P to R 4th
21. P to R 3rd Q to K 2nd

Black wins.

The match between Messrs. Tchigorin and Schiffers has resulted in a victory for the former by seven games to one. This is the fifth contest out of six played between the same opponents in which the Russian master has proved himself the victor.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. Wyke Baylis, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, figures among the recipients of Jubilee honours, having received a Knighthood. His name is a familiar one in our Chess Column, where many games of his have appeared from time to time, to the delight of numerous readers.

The following problem, by Joel Fridlitzus, was awarded first prize in a Copenhagen tourney—

White: K at K 3rd, Q at Q Kt sq, R at Q B 5th, B at K B 8th, Ps at K 2nd, Q 4th, and Q 5th.

Black: K at Q 5th, B at Q R 3rd, Ps at K 3rd, Q B 3rd, and Q Kt 3rd. White to play, and mate in three moves.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Ten (from January 2 to June 26, 1897) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lovers of nature will feel interested in a book just published entitled "The Yew-Trees of Great Britain and Ireland," by Dr. John Lowe (Macmillan), whose enthusiasm in all that pertains to plant life is known to every botanist. I have been reading this work of late days, and think it well to commend it to those of my readers who are in any sense attracted by the study of trees. The book itself is illustrated by many beautiful full-page photo-lithographs, which represent faithfully the aspects of famous yew-trees all over the British domain. A work of this kind is really a labour of love, and its interest will not be lessened when Dr. Lowe's text is perused. The yew has always been a favourite tree in this country. It supplied the bows and arrows for the warfare of the past, and its history has mingled in a curious fashion with that of old gardens, of churches, and of ancient houses. It seems that from the time of Edward IV., onwards to the reign of Elizabeth, special enactments provided for the culture and protection of the yew, but these laws fell into desuetude when the demand for its services became non-existent.

A very interesting scientific point concerns the age of the old yews which are still extant. At the Palace at Hadham, in Hertfordshire, is a high yew-hedge three yards thick; and report ascribes the date of this hedge to Tudor times. But, whether the Hadham hedge be of this age or not, Dr. Lowe mentions one near Bristol, at Henbury, as pretty certainly two hundred years old. One of the Henbury trees has a girth of 6 ft. 6 in. at the ground, and of 9 ft. at 3 ft. above that point. This hedge was trimmed down a century ago to its existing height of 16 ft. Near Canterbury, at Bishopsbourne, Richard Hooker planted yew-hedges in 1595. These are now 14 ft. high and 10 ft. thick. The rate of growth of the yew on an average is estimated at one foot of diameter for sixty or seventy years, both in old and young trees; but Dr. Lowe adds that it may be more rapid than this. The considerations regarding the age which the yew may attain lead us towards thoughts concerning the remarkable duration of vegetable life, as opposed to the shortness of the more active animal existence. The animal lives at a greater rate than the plant, and its existence is accordingly abbreviated. A limited span is the price we have to pay for the higher life we lead; and perhaps, on the principle that we cannot have our cake and eat it, the adjustment of life's span to life's work is not to be regarded as an unnatural feature.

Still the controversy regarding the manner in which coral islands are formed goes on. The battle between Darwin's theory of the rise of reefs as land sinks, and the alternative view, that corals may find ready-made foundations on upheaved tracts of the ocean-bed or on piled-up oceanic debris, continues to rage. Dr. Auguste Krämer has recently published a view of coral reef origin which I confess seems to make further demands on mere theory than either of the preceding opinions. Taking the atoll, or circular reef, which Darwin maintained represented the rim or edge of the great coral cup which had grown round a land territory that had disappeared in the deep, Dr. Krämer holds it may be formed on a submarine volcanic basis, which afterwards, by oceanic geysir action, is much widened and extended. The deeper atolls, he thinks, represent coral growths on the rims of volcanic craters. This is a return, with a vengeance, to the oldest theory of coral reefs with which we are acquainted; but surely the mere size of some of the atolls is sufficient to dispose of this latter view. It appears to me that all criticism of Darwin's theory falls short of its object: the replacement of that theory by another, and a more satisfactory one. Till a reef is thoroughly explored by boring, the question must remain unsettled.

A lady correspondent asks if I cannot help the cause of women's higher education by referring (in a condemnatory spirit, of course) to the action of Cambridge in refusing women students due recognition of the studies in which they have successfully engaged. I might plead that the quarrel is not mine, and that it were better to allow Cambridge to settle its own affairs; but if any further expression of opinion is needed to strengthen the cause my correspondent has at heart, I am willing to say that I think the ladies have been rather hardly treated. The action of Cambridge reminds one of admitting a man into your lobby, and of shutting the inner door in his face. But doubtless time will work wonders even in the modern cloisters. I recommend disappointed damsels to go to Edinburgh or Glasgow. The Alma Mater in each city admits them to degrees all round, and, *pace* certain critics, a Scottish degree in arts will compare in point of learning, in the demands the study thereof makes on the student, and in the excellence of the teaching, very favourably with any southern sign-manual of culture.

It has often been remarked that of all proofs of mystical ways and works, those furnished by photography are the least satisfactory, because, as a blunt critic once put it, "when you are dealing with a sensitive plate and a camera, you never really know where you are." Some alleged mysteries of this kind are of such a barefaced nature that one's heart rejoices in their free and full exposure. A certain Mr. L. G. Willoughby, residing in Juneau, Alaska, said that in June 1888 he saw a wonderful "mirage" from the surface of the Muir Glacier. Photographs of this "mirage" were duly produced. I have seen one. It represents dimly a city with cathedral towers and a river. This he called "The Silent City." It was supposed to be the reflection of some unknown and distant place, probably an undiscovered town away in British Columbia or elsewhere. Nobody appears to have beheld the "mirage" save Mr. Willoughby, and for this plain reason: that the photograph is a view of the city of Bristol, in England! The ingenious nature of the fraud is the only remarkable point in the history—if we except the readiness with which many people (including those who read *Light* and believe in spirits and ghosts) lend themselves to be deceived.

DIAMOND JUBILEE HONOURS.



Photo Melnith, Pall Mall.

SIR JAMES VAUGHAN, Kt.

Sir James Vaughan, who was born at Cardiff, and called to the Bar in 1839, is the oldest Metropolitan Police Magistrate in office, having presided at Bow Street since 1864.



Photo Voigt, Hamburg.

SIR WILLIAM CUTHBERT QUILTER, BART.

Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter was born in 1841. He sits in Parliament for a division of Suffolk, is a Director of the National Telegraph Company, and a judge and collector of pictures.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, G.C.B.

Colonel Sir Edward Ridley Culbourn Bradford has been Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis since 1890. Devoited in recognition of the excellent police and traffic arrangements on Jubilee Day.



SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT BANCROFT, Kt.

The famous actor who will henceforth be known as Sir Squire Bancroft was born in 1841, a Londoner. He first performed in 1861 at Birmingham. Has lately given readings on behalf of various charities.



Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

SIR JOHN JARDINE, G.C.I.E.

Sir John Jardine is one of a family long connected with India, and was himself for many years an active and much respected member of the Indian Civil Service.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, Kt.

Sir William Crookes, Vice-President of the Royal Society, proprietor and editor of the *Chemical News*, and editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, was born in 1832. Has done much to popularise science.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR SAMUEL WILKS, BART.

Sir Samuel Wilks is President of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. He was born in Camberwell in 1824, and was for many years editor of *Guy's Hospital Reports*.



Photo Hall, Vincent Street.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, BART.

The President of the Royal College of Surgeons was born in Belfast in 1836. He was present on Ambulance Service at the Battle of Sedan, and he has published many lectures on Surgery.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR JOHN FREDERICK BRIDGE, Kt.

Sir John Frederick Bridge was born at Oldbury, Worcestershire, in 1844. He began his musical career as a chorister at Rochester Cathedral. Has been the organist at Westminster Abbey since 1875.

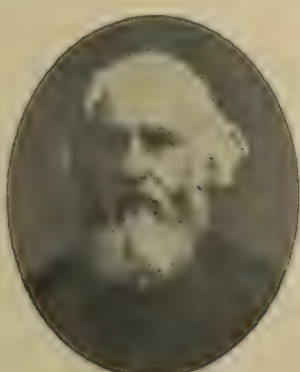


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS, G.C.B.

Sir William Huggins, who directs his own observatory at Tulse Hill, was born in 1824. Has been a President of the Royal Astronomical Society and is a pioneer in development of Spectroscopic Astronomy.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR EDWARD FRANKLAND, G.C.B.

Sir Edward Frankland, who was born in 1825 at Churchtown, near Lancaster, was partly educated in Germany. He has been President of the Chemical Society, and is an authority on the purity of water.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR JOSEPH NORMAN LOCKYER, G.C.B.

Born at Rugby in 1836, he began his career in the War Office, being transferred thence to the Science and Art Department in 1875. Is the author of various standard books on astronomy and solar physics.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR WYKE BAYLISS, Kt.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, who has been President of the Royal Society of British Artists since 1888, was born at Madeley, Salop, in 1835. He is the author of "The Witness of Art" and other books.



Photo Jevasd, Regent Street.

SIR FELIX SEMON, Kt.

Sir Felix Semon has shared with Dr. Gowers the honour of receiving one of the two Knighthoods which, besides three Baronetries, mark the Sovereign's appreciation of Medical Service.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The fashions of our great-grandmothers are intensely fascinating, and it is impossible to ignore their charms when pictures of long ago smile on us from all the illustrated papers, and the modern authorities are suggesting that we take upon our heads the burden of the poke bonnet, and on the hem of our skirts the frills and fringes of our ancestresses. But although we have adopted the decorations of the skirts of bygone times, we do not bestow similar patronage



A SILK MUSLIN TEA-GOWN.

upon the bodices, which were invariably tight fitting, with the sleeves set some three inches down the arm, and the necks decorated with a few folds of white. We glory to-day continuously in the becoming influence of the pouched bodice; unfortunately, though, not realising that this treatment is only successfully applied to the front of the bodice, we follow the example of the French women and permit the bodice to overhang the belt at the back as well. Happily we avoid the Early Victorian coiffure, which was truly distressing in its many ringlets or plain bandeaux passed over the ears! We wear the Leghorn hat, which put in its appearance later, with its drooping plumes, and bear the silken fringes of our great-grandmothers on the hem of our garments. Instead of the scarves of other days, we encircle our throats with feather boas, infinitely becoming; and how general they are, these feathered boas, and they grow every day more in our favour. Those of natural tint, tipped with white or pale grey or cream colour, are alike in evidence; while the ostrich-plume has completely waved aside the attractions of the erect osprey, and is sharing the affections of the multitude with curled quills and wings and the paradise plume. Ostrich-feathers curl with much grace round the brim of low-crowned Leghorn or Tuscan hats, and the black chip hat lined with white looks its most attractive under the influence of long black feathers.

A day spent on the river in its most fashionable neighbourhood would prove that the plain sailor hat with its black ribbon is no longer acceptable; the trimmed hat is adopted this year, retaining still the simplicity of the sailor shape. Making this in every new variety of straw, the fashionable will trim it in the front with a narrow wreath of flowers graduated to assume the proportions of a huge clump round the back. A pale pink hat of this description wreathed with black poppies, with a bandeau of black velvet beneath, is a successful example of the prevalent style. And another hat of equal charm is of pale mauve straw, with a scarf of mauve chiffon at the one side, tied at the other with a flight of wings and quills shading from mauve to white, while beneath the brim of this rest two pink roses. A third hat, designed for the river, is of Panama, with the crown encircled with a sash ribbon in pale blue, tied at one side with three bunches of Neapolitan violets. And from Paris I hear that violets are again being worn—an unusual state of affairs when once the spring is past, but it is always a most becoming flower, and certainly the popularity of pale grey justifies its selection, for mauve and grey together are the happiest combination. But, as a matter of fact, it is once again the fashion to match your hat to your dress, the hat taking a lighter tone or darker, as may be more becoming, but still retaining the same shade; thus the grey dress is invariably crowned with grey, the blue completed with a blue straw trimmed with shaded poppies or lobelia, or blue and mauve

wings, and the biscuit-colour piqué or buff linen will find its suitable complement in the Leghorn hat, which is to be met sometimes now attractively decorated with a scarf of ivory muslin with thick satin-stitch spots upon it, folds of this being brought round the brim to fasten with a trio of white wings.

But let me revert again to the fashions of our ancestresses, which we have adopted as our own, and mention the affection that we bestow upon the muslin and grenadine, velvet ribbon trimmings and little frills. Of the trimmings I must pause and reflect how greatly we have improved in their application. If you turn to an old fashion-plate, dated 1850, you will see the zig-zag pattern of ribbon or material cut on the cross, trailing its inelegant influence from waist to hem, or at the head of the flounces setting in folds and creases lacking all neatness and precision. Now the tailors, having taken this style of trimming under their special regard, exercise their best ingenuity in the application of conventional designs, and the dressmakers, when they follow in the footsteps of the tailors and use these trimmings, wisely choose baby ribbon, which they set into little gathered frills closely together to form patterns, these involving an immense amount of trouble but not needing any special exactitude of stitch.

And, as usual, I have left to the last the pleasing duty of recording the details of the Illustrations. The one shows a linen dress which might well do its duty on the river or the sea. Made in a dull shade of blue, this is bordered with white overhanging a narrow belt of the same, and being supplied with strappings of white linen on the hips and on the hem of the skirt. This is one of those costumes which might be successfully undertaken by the merest amateur, always supposing that she possesses a lining which fits her, and knows how to cut her skirt according to the latest edicts of fashion. That tea-gown illustrated is a model for summer wear made of the finest silk muslin; it has draperies of lace back and front, caught on the shoulders with straps of embroidery diamanté. The muslin hangs in full folds beneath these from neck to hem, and the sleeves, which are transparent, are of the muslin softly gathered, the belt again being of the passementerie diamanté.

We have rather a fancy at the moment for wearing in the costumes in which we take our walks abroad lace yokes guileless of lining. These we have borrowed from the French, who invariably cut their summer frocks just a little low at the throat. It looks strange in London to see such liberties taken, but quite one of the most charming piqué gowns I have seen this year showed a small vest at the neck, made transparent, of point de Venise. This was supplied with a transparent collar-band of the lace, which formed a resting-place for the inevitable row of "Orient" pearls. What a fortune the Parisian Diamond Company must be making, and how interesting is their exhibition at Earl's Court, where you can see the men cutting and polishing and setting the jewels, and realise with what an infinity of trouble they arrive at their convincing results! PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is interesting to compare the different opinions that have deluged the Press during the past few weeks on the great topic of the advances during the Queen's reign, and to see how the good old principle, "There's nothing like leather," holds sway. Whatever we individually know most about, evidently that seems to each of us to have been the most important and remarkable advance of the time. Accordingly, it appears to me that the most wonderful of all the changes of the period is that which has taken place in the position of women. It amounts to nothing less than a revolution; and it is not seen in any single department of life's activities, but in all, and it is both bodily and mental, and both objective and subjective. We may put on Early Victorian coal-scoop bonnets, but we shall not go back to feebly sloping shoulders or to the low-necked walking-dresses and thin-soled shoes that meant incapacity for vigorous exercise in all weathers; for ill-health is no more recommended to girls as a part of their feminine attractiveness; and, as a consequence, we see a preponderance of tall and robust girls over slender, anæmic ones, and the life of the female sex has not only shared in the increased longevity of the race as a whole, but has actually improved its average two years over and above the improvement of that of men by themselves. Athletic amusements are now not merely permissible, but fashionable, and the shortened riding-habits and dual bathing-gowns of to-day are but outward signs of the change in opinion that permits now almost perfect freedom in movement and exercise of body to women.

But the change in a woman's mental possibilities is even greater. Not only were there no High Schools or University degrees open to women sixty years ago, but it was really believed, seriously and with no unkindness, but simply as an established fact, that the female brain was utterly incapable of extensive learning or severe studies; now, every University in the land offers more or less recognition of women's ability to receive and profit by the highest education. The census of 1881 gave only domestic service and teaching as women's occupations; numerous occupations are open to women now, to meet every sort of natural ability. We have women surgeons operating with high success in a hospital to which women patients flock (12,000 in the out-patients' department last year) with unquestioning trust; women painters are able to make such a display as that which is astonishing authorities on art criticism at Earl's Court; women are among the most widely read and best-paid authors, and fill innumerable and ever-new places in the business world, all showing capacity amongst us that was undreamed of at the beginning of the reign.

Then there is a perfect revolution in the legal status of the largest and most important section of the feminine community—the wives and mothers of the land. At the beginning of the reign, a married woman was incapable

of acquiring and possessing property; all she might earn or inherit or be given was her husband's, to use, or take from her, or give to another at his will, and her children could be entirely removed from her care without any fault on her part being even asserted. If a wife were cruelly treated, there was no legal separation to be obtained; and if she ran away she was legally liable to be ordered to return and to be sent to prison till she consented to do so. Every step in this increased freedom of purse, person, and relationships has been hotly and long contested, but at last each has been made, and nobody now, I think, regrets it or wants to undo Married Women's Property Acts, Custody of Children Acts, repealed Conjugal Rights claims, or the granting of separation orders to poor women in cases of brutal treatment. Women at the beginning of the reign did not exercise a single vote for public representatives; now they vote for every office but M.P., and themselves stand as candidates for most public bodies, and are elected by the votes of men as well as of women. Immense as has been the development of social life in every department under Victoria, I do not think that any other record is so remarkable as this one of the changes in the position of women as a sex.

Lord Stanmore presided over the thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women. This very useful society exists to persuade and assist middle-class parents to realise that their daughters are very likely to have to earn their own living, and that therefore they must be trained to some remunerative work in youth. Besides finding out all about the various employments open to girls and the means of training for them, the society lends or advances the fees for technical training in approved cases, the pupil engaging to return the sum on getting work. The despair of the society is the number of elderly women who have been engaged in domestic pursuits all their lives, and are compelled by circumstances to begin to earn their bread otherwise at an advanced age. All girls who cannot have a fortune left them should learn some remunerative occupation in youth. Parents naturally think their own girls so attractive that they are sure to get married; but some of the nicest girls remain single; and then there are the possibilities of widowhood or bad or invalid husbands to be borne in mind. Even in the case of early marriage the society claims that a training in some wage-earning occupation has not been lost time and expense, since "the girl who on leaving school has turned her attention systematically to some art, science, or handicraft will become a more intelligent and useful woman than one who has spent her time without any definite pursuit." The Queen has subscribed fifty guineas a year to this useful society ever since its formation, and the Duchess of Albany has just become a patroness and subscriber.

The same good young Duchess has held one of the most successful bazaars of the present season, in which that form of entertainment for profit has not flourished. The locale of the bazaar was the Imperial Institute, but the girls



A LINEN DRESS.

whom its proceeds (nearly £2000) are to benefit are engaged in a most repulsive occupation in the neighbourhood of the abattoirs at Deptford, where the cattle are slaughtered that come alive from other lands. The Duchess has herself visited these poor girls in their "institute," where they get a little relief and change from their odious daily work; and H.R.H. aroused their admiration by the way in which she climbed up the narrow stairs to their loft.—F. F.-M.

PROGRESS OF DOMESTIC ART.

There are two interesting exhibitions now in London which are not unlikely to be overlooked owing to the fact that no charge is made for entrance to them. The Londoner is apt to think that nothing that can be seen gratis is worth a visit. The exhibitions in question consist of a very pleasing display of pieces of modern della Robbia ware and a beautiful and valuable collection of old embroideries, tapestries, and brocades, chiefly Spanish and Italian. Both are now on view at the splendid new premises of Messrs. Waring, in Oxford Street. Modern della Robbia ware seems a contradiction in terms, since all those who pretend to know anything of the subject are aware that the work of Luca di Simone di Marco della Robbia is of the earliest Italian faience; in fact, not a few are of opinion that he was the inventor of the tin enamel which he used with delightful effect and discrimination. Moreover, though a fair amount of Luca's work is known, and still more of that of his nephew Andrea and his great-nephews, it would hardly be within the power even of Messrs. Waring to get together many pieces. The ware in question comes from a modern factory at Birkenhead, in Cheshire, lately started with the idea of making avowed copies of della Robbia pieces, and also original works in the style. The enterprise has had a surprising success, and is able to produce at moderate prices works which, save to the actual connoisseur, are as beautiful as the originals. In the long galleries set apart for the exhibition are many delightful pieces in the style with which most people are acquainted, and all should be. No one can be surprised that when Princess Louise paid her visit a short time ago to the exhibition, she bought a charming little bust coated with the typical enamel, and also a beautiful long panel with a very spirited design of boys on a deep blue ground.

The other exhibition, no doubt, is of far greater

importance, since all the pieces are old and genuine, and many of very great value. Indeed, it seems somewhat surprising that any firm can have succeeded in getting together what looks like a fine loan collection from a museum, and it must be remarked that, apparently, they have been got together at a surprisingly low cost, seeing the prices at which they are offered. The art of embroidery, to which,

during what one may happily call the present "Domestic Art Renaissance," great attention, fortunately, is being paid, has a history of immense importance; in fact, so far as the earlier centuries of the Christian Era are concerned, the embroidery, from every point of view, is more interesting and valuable to us than what remains of the painting. The famous Bayeux Tapestry, ascribed to Matilda, throws a wonderful flood of light upon her days, and it would not be difficult to mention many another work, particularly of the twelfth century, the discovery of which has proved quite a gold mine to the historian. So far as the more civilised countries are concerned, down to the sixteenth century, and in less civilised countries to a later date, the art of embroidery, both in artistic beauty and historical interest, eclipses what we know of the painting. At Messrs. Waring's can be seen specimens of many ages and lands, so no student can afford to miss this exhibition, which is notably rich in superb Spanish and Italian pieces, to say nothing of the French works, chiefly of the seventeenth century. Moreover, what are decidedly rare are such specimens as the sixteenth century Cope from the Indo-Portuguese Settlement of Goa. It is, however, impossible by mere words even to give an idea of the treasures of art which one may class together under the name of embroidery that are to be found in the house. Nor do they by any means exhaust the number of articles of vertu or bric-à-brac collected, since there are many beautiful specimens of the work of the *ébéniste*, the silversmith, and the faïencier.

After a study of these works of old art belonging to days when, as a rule, the workmen laboured under more favourable art conditions than at present, one is tempted to fancy that the modern products of Messrs. Waring must seem poor by comparison. Candour compels us to admit that their furniture and other art products may sometimes lack that peculiar mellowness of tone which time alone can give. Yet it is but fair to note that in examining closely the old embroideries, one can often see that a lovely tone is the result of time, and originally the work was crude and coarse in colour. Certainly, nothing made by the firm can be called crude or coarse for the characteristic feature of its labours is an elegance and repose in effect due to the fact that its school of designers is constantly in contact with masterpieces of the past. Indeed, with no little daring, in many departments Messrs. Waring



ROOM ARRANGED IN LOUIS XVI. STYLE AT MESSRS. WARING'S.



ENTRANCE-HALL AT MESSRS. WARING'S.

mix original pieces of antiquity with copies in imitation of the style, and only the keen connoisseur can avoid deception save by studying prices. For instance, in the delightful room arranged in the famous Louis XVI. style, there are many specimens truly of the period, and others made during the last few years, and they blend so remarkably that few, except those who know, would believe that they were gazing at a mixed collection. Much the same may be said in the case of their handsome entrance-hall, superbly carpeted with immense green Oriental rugs; here, finely shown off by the charmingly toned walls and pretty white woodwork, is a very interesting assemblage of old and new pieces, contending in beauty but not clashing.

Reluctantly leaving the old, one considers for a moment the new, to see what is the state of things in this year of grace; and the best way to do it is to visit the remarkable collection of rooms, furnished in every kind of modern style, in order to show the effects of schemes of decoration and furnishing. It is difficult to particularise: one walks from one to the other, finding in each matter to admire in taste, in conception, and beauty of execution and quality of material. It cannot be wondered that Mr. S. J. Waring, junior, the present guiding spirit of the business, has been able with these specimens of its style at his command to obtain such important contracts as for such famous hotels as the Regina at Ciniz and the Cecil in London. Mr. Waring is still a young man, and so immense has been the progress

of the firm in his hands that its influence seems likely to prove one of the important factors in the history of domestic art. It is curious to note that the organisation of this rapidly increasing business is so

perfect that Messrs. Waring are equally at home when dealing with a palace, a mammoth hotel, or a modest house to be furnished from attic to basement for five hundred pounds.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1885), with a codicil (dated April 1, 1897), of Mr. John Reid, of Dunduff, Fife, and the Old Clock House, Winchmore Hill, who died on April 30, was proved on June 28 by Thomas Charles Whitmore, Joseph William Melles, J.P., and Francis Ernest Barnes, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £124,614. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture and effects, and for life the income of one moiety of his residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Euphemia Reid; and £100 to Thomas Charles Whitmore. Subject as above, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children John Sampson Reid, Jane Millar Reid, Euphemia Reid, Margaret Reid, Georgina Reid, and Robert Waller



THE IMPERIAL FÊTE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

One of the features of this fête, held under distinguished patronage for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, was the maypole dance, performed by children of the "Children's Garden," instructed by Madame Katti Lamer. The maypole itself was nearly thirty feet high, and had a floral crown on the top with two hands in the centre, the well-known trade-mark of the Maypole Soap, the enterprising proprietors of that article having undertaken the cost of the pole and its decoration. The ribbons were of a fine satin, dyed the various colours with Maypole Soap. The same firm also manufactures the soap, which is decorated with all the colours of the rainbow, from which Maypole Soap was sold for the benefit of the fund for the hospital.

Reid. His son John is to have the option of purchasing for £8000 his estates, Dunduff and Hill Head, Scotland.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1893) of Mr. Eustratios Emanuel Petrocchino, of 72, Westbourne Terrace, who died on April 30, was proved on June 19 by Emanuel Petrocchino, the son, and George Marchetti, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £38,359. The testator gives £4000 each to his daughters, Despina and Marigo, if married at the time of his death, and £20,000 each, upon trust, if spinsters; £4000 each to his daughters Alexandra George Marchetti and Catherina George Leonidas Flamburiari; and £20,000, upon trust, for his son John, for life, and then as to one moiety thereof for his (testator's) son Emanuel; and the other moiety between his four daughters, Despina, Marigo, Mrs. Marchetti, and Mrs. Flamburiari. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Emanuel.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1896) of Mr. Barnett Salmon, of 153, Sutherland Avenue and 41, Clerkenwell Road, and of Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein and Messrs. Lyons and Co., who died on Feb. 11, was proved on June 25 by Mrs. Lena Salmon, the widow, Alfred Salmon, the son, and Joseph Gluckstein, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £46,491. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, plate and effects, wines and spirits, and horses and carriages to his wife; £200 each to his grandchildren, Barnett S. Abrahams, Abraham Adrian Abrahams, and Barnett Alfred Salmon; £200 to his stepbrother, Moss Sloman; and £50 each to Barnett and Lena Sloman. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he bequeaths £1000 each to his nieces Hannah and Sarah Abrahams; and the ultimate residue he leaves to his children or remoter issue (except his son Alfred, who is already well provided for) as his wife shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1875) of Mary Charlotte, Lady Foley, of 7, Audley Square, and Ruxley Lodge, Claygate, who died on April 8, has been proved by Henry Thomas, Baron Foley, and Major the Hon. Fitzalan Charles John Foley, the sons, and executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,148. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate to her two sons.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 19, 1896) of Mr. William Riley, late of the Cambridge Music Hall, and 5, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Feb. 7, were proved on June 29 by Philip John Rutland and Henry Jennings, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £29,702. The testator bequeaths his jewels and articles of personal adornment to Mrs. Sarah Lane, of the Britannia Theatre; £100 to his manager, E. V. Page; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth thereof each to Mary Catherine Ifill and his niece Poppie Roach, and the remaining two fourths between his nephews and niece, Thomas Roach, William Roach, George Roach, and Ellen Roach, and his sisters Mary Ann and Margaret.

The will of Miss Harriet Randal Towers, of 2, Kensington Gate, who died on March 14, was proved on June 15 by Samuel Bircham and Arthur Ralph Ricardo, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £26,362. The testator gives £2000 to the Association for the Help of Poor Incurables, of which Miss Hopkinson, of 74, Eccleston Square, is secretary, £2000 to the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, 7, Great George Street, Westminster; £2000 to the Society for the Reformation and Employment of Discharged Prisoners, Sessions House,



SMYRNA RACES TESTIMONIAL.

At the recent meeting of the Smyrna Races a presentation was made by the president and stewards of the club to their late honorary secretary, Mr. Edward Purser, jun., as a mark of their appreciation of the services rendered by him for the last thirteen years in all departments connected with the maintenance and promotion of the races. The Smyrna Races were established in 1861, under British auspices, and meetings have ever since been held regularly in the spring, and sometimes in the autumn as well, and have received the patronage of the Sultan more than once. The testimonial took the form of a finely modelled horse and jockey in solid silver, the handwork of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and 66, Chancery Lane, London.

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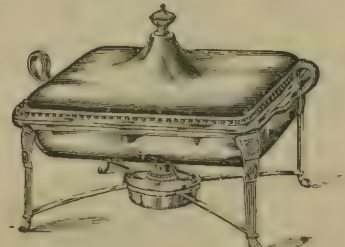
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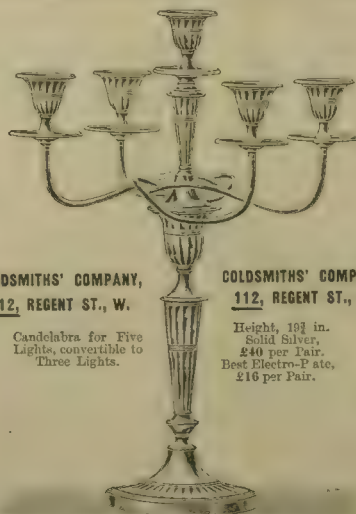


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Clerkenwell; £4000 to the Samaritan Fund of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed; £1000 to St. Monica's House for Sick and Incurable Children, Queen's Road, Kilburn; £2000 to Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, Stepney Causeway; £1000 to the Homes for Aged Protestant Poor, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; £2000 to the Orphanage of Mercy, Randolph Gardens, Kilburn, in aid of their schools; £2000 to the Convalescent Home of the Church Extension Association, 27, Kilburn Park Road; £1000 to the Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners, 98, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; £2000 to the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; and £500 each to the Dogs' Temporary Home, Park Road, Battersea, and the St. John's Foundation School. She further directs that all her furniture, plate, jewels, etc., not otherwise bequeathed are to be sold, and the proceeds applied for such charitable institutions as her executors shall select. After giving legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants, she leaves the residue of her property to her aunt Mary Arthur Perry.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1889) of Major John Bolton, of 6, Regent's Park Terrace, who died on May 14, was proved on June 19 by Edward Claudius Ash, the nephew, and Miss Annie Christina Ash, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,469. The testator gives £200 to the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square, £100 part thereof in aid of the church fund for the poor, and £100 for the general expenses; and

£2500 to his nephew Edward Claudius Ash. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third each to his nephews and niece, Edward Claudius Ash, John Rutherford Ash, and Annie Christina Ash.

The will and codicil of Captain William Curling, R.N.R., of 137, Portdown Road, Maida Vale, and formerly of 8, Cumberland Place, Southampton, who died on May 11, were proved on June 17 by Mrs. Adelaide Elizabeth Curling, the widow, and Major William Kingsdown Curling and Robert Sumner Curling, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8163.

The will of Mrs. Mary Wills, of Ghyston House, Redland Park, Bristol, widow, who died on April 7, has been proved by Arthur Lane Wills, Frank William Wills, and Grahame Hamilton Wills, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £8166.

The will of Mr. Francis Gamble, J.P., of Gainsborough, Lincoln, who died on Feb. 26 last, has been proved by Francis Alexander Gamble, Philip Anthony Gamble, and Henry Gilbert Gamble, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £7626.

The will and codicil of Surgeon-General James Tyrell Carter Ross, C.I.E., F.R.C.S., of Rougemont, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, who died on April 27, were proved on June 17 by George Wadham and Robert Walker, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3946.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

AT THE SAVOY.

The revival of "The Yeomen of the Guard" proves to be very delightful. Indeed, it may be questioned whether a better all-round performance has ever been given, and certainly the tenor songs have never received such beautiful exposition as Mr. Charles Kenningham's. The change of scene in the second act, "The Tower from the Wharf," is a great improvement. The opera is now preceded by "Old Sarah," an operetta by Harry Greenbank and François Cellier. The former has rhymed more amusingly in other pieces; while Sullivanic strains not unnaturally stray into Mr. Cellier's score. But the piece is far above the average, and is capably put on and acted.

AUSTRIAN COMEDIANS AT DALY'S.

Where in the world is there such a cosmopolitan city as London? America holds the Comedy Theatre with the thrilling "Secret Service" and Mr. Gillette's company. Madame Bernhardt is at the Adelphi, Madame Réjane at the Lyric, and Madame Odilon, who has been popularly called the "Austrian Réjane," heads a company from the Vienna Volkstheater at Daly's. Madame Odilon has proved herself a welcome new-comer, for she has grace and vivacity, intelligence and humour in a high degree; while she is admirably supported. "Untreu," with which she opened, is a delightfully flimsy comedy of Italian origin, in which she regains a husband's (Herr Christians)



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TOWELS	For Double Beds, 10 1/2, 11 1/2, 13 1/2, and 14- each.
	10 1/2, 1 1/4, 1 3/4, 1 7/8, and 1 10 each.
	Ladies', 2 1/2, 3 1/2, 4 1/2, and 5 1/2 per doz.
	Gentlemen's, 4 1/2, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, and 8 1/2 per doz.
	2 1/2, 3 1/2, 4 1/2, 5 1/2, and 6 1/2 each; worth double.
	Huckaback, 2 1/2, 2 10 1/2, 3 1/4, 4 1/4, and 4 3/4 per half-doz.
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It is not a little irritating to find such unanimity among German art-critics as to the value of the Holbein portrait purchased for the Berlin Gallery at the sale of Sir John Millais' pictures. When seen at Christie's a few weeks ago many competent judges expressed the hope that it would be secured for our own National Gallery. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and the word was passed to

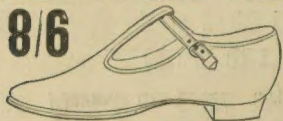
depreciate the importance of the work on the ground that its history could not be actually traced. German experts, ever since it was first publicly exhibited at Dresden in 1871 in the Holbein Exhibition, were agreed that the picture was not only genuine, but also one of the most characteristic specimens of his work. It was painted, apparently, at the time when Holbein was at his very best. The only inscription it bears is "Ætatis suæ 54," indicating obviously the age of the painter at that date. The price paid was 3000 guineas, which could not be regarded as extravagant.

The bold idea of completing the "Liber Studiorum" which Turner left unfinished deserves grateful recognition from all who appreciate the services rendered by that master to the art of landscape-painting. The original scheme comprised a hundred studies, but owing to the little encouragement he received, Turner, up to 1820, had

only issued seventy. Sepia drawings for the remainder had been made, and of these seventeen had been, more or less, etched on copper, and, since Turner's death, have been issued to the public in a style which adds little to the artist's reputation. The unpublished studies have now been taken up by Mr. Frank Short, who has already shown his sympathy with Turner's work by the reproduction of some of the published plates. At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery (Vigo Street) may therefore now be seen the complete series of the "Liber Studiorum," and it will be said that Mr. Short comes out of his self-imposed ordeal with honour and distinction. The views of Mæcon, of Stonehenge, and the St. Gothard Pass are among the most characteristic specimens of Turner's poetic treatment of landscape, and it will be admitted that, although not always as soft in outline as some of the early works of the "Liber," Mr. Short has caught the spirit of mountain and woodland by which the painter was inspired.

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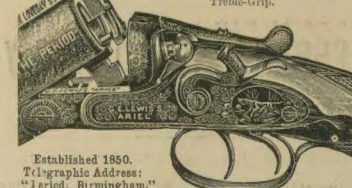
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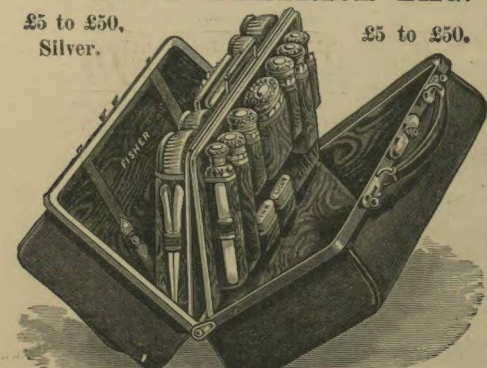
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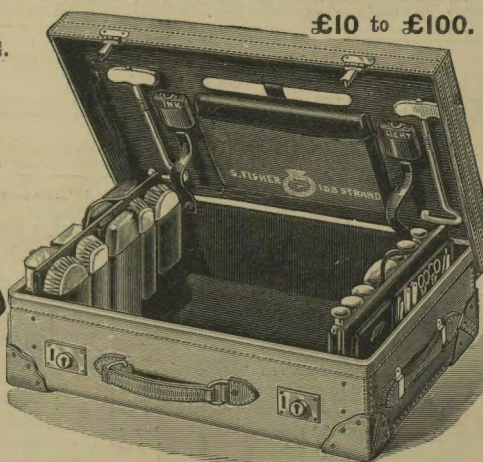
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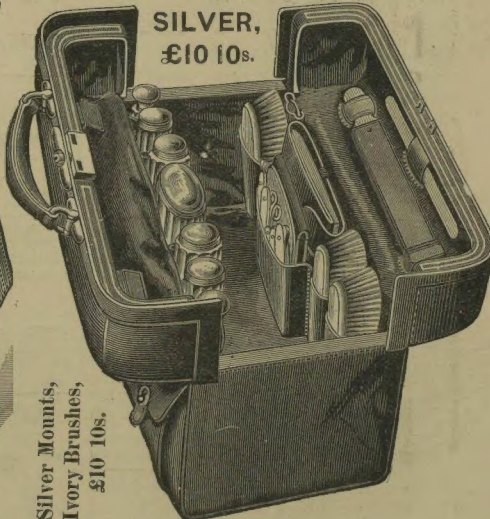
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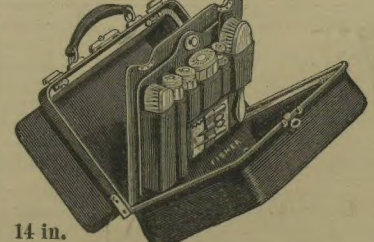


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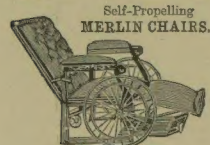


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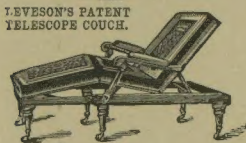
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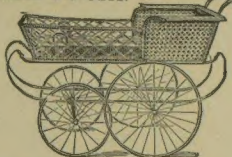
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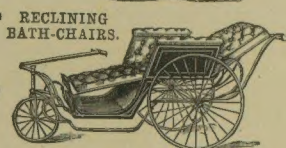
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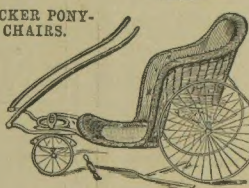
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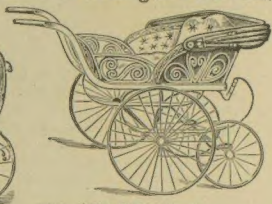
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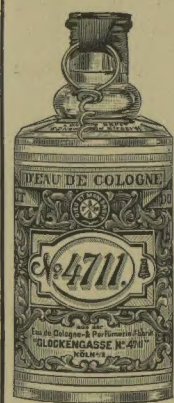


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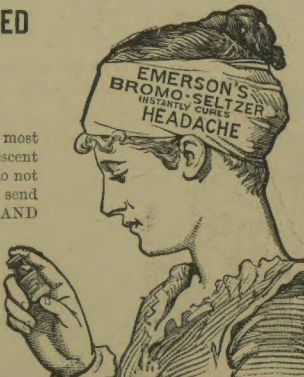
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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the French National Fête on July 14, the Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service (first and second class only), and by the express night service (first, second, and third class) on July 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13.

For the holiday season, which is now rapidly approaching, the Great Northern Railway Company has made sundry changes in its programme of trains, the most notable feature being the running of additional express trains for Scarborough and Whitby at 10.25 a.m. daily; for Hull, Filey, and Bridlington at 10.55 a.m. on Tuesdays; for Cromer and Yarmouth at 1.10 p.m.; and for Wakefield,

Leeds, etc., at 3.45 p.m. The 8.15 p.m. Scotch sleeping car express will run on Sunday after July 4, and additional express trains will leave King's Cross at intervals on Sunday for various destinations.

The directors' report and statement of accounts of the Sun Insurance Company for 1896 is certainly pleasant reading to shareholders and policy-holders alike, for the result of the year's trading cannot be considered anything but most satisfactory. For a fire office to take, after providing for re-insurances, a net £965,684 in premiums, insuring the enormous sum of £388,952,818, is in itself a gigantic business, and when the claims paid amount to only £504,218 during the same period, we see at once what a fine profit is made by a well-managed fire-office. For a fire-office to have an income from investments of over £72,000 a year, accumulated funds of over £1,800,000, and a premium income of nearly one million a year, is a magnificent result

to be attained even by an office established in 1710, of nearly two hundred years ago, and we must heartily congratulate the directors and officials on the latest result of their labours. Insurers are quick to note the offices in which insurances are advantageous, and we are sure those who have fire risks to place will (if they are wise) take care that the Sun Office stands high on their lists.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" is well within sight of completion. The fifty-first volume, which includes the unpoetic extremes of Scoffin and Sheares, is made remarkable by reason of the biography of Scott, which Mr. Leslie Stephen has written, and of Shakspeare, which Mr. Sidney Lee, the present editor of the Dictionary, has dealt with in a brilliant encyclopædic fashion. These biographies alone would give the present volume unusual interest, but the whole race of the Scotts, the Seymours, and the Setons make it valuable.

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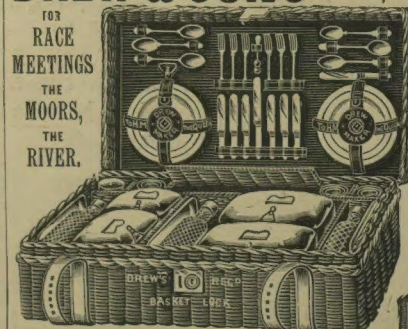
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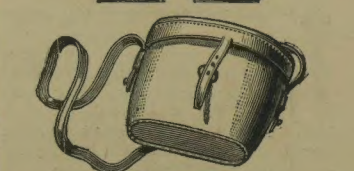
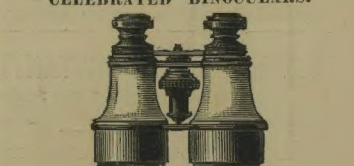
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